Chronicles

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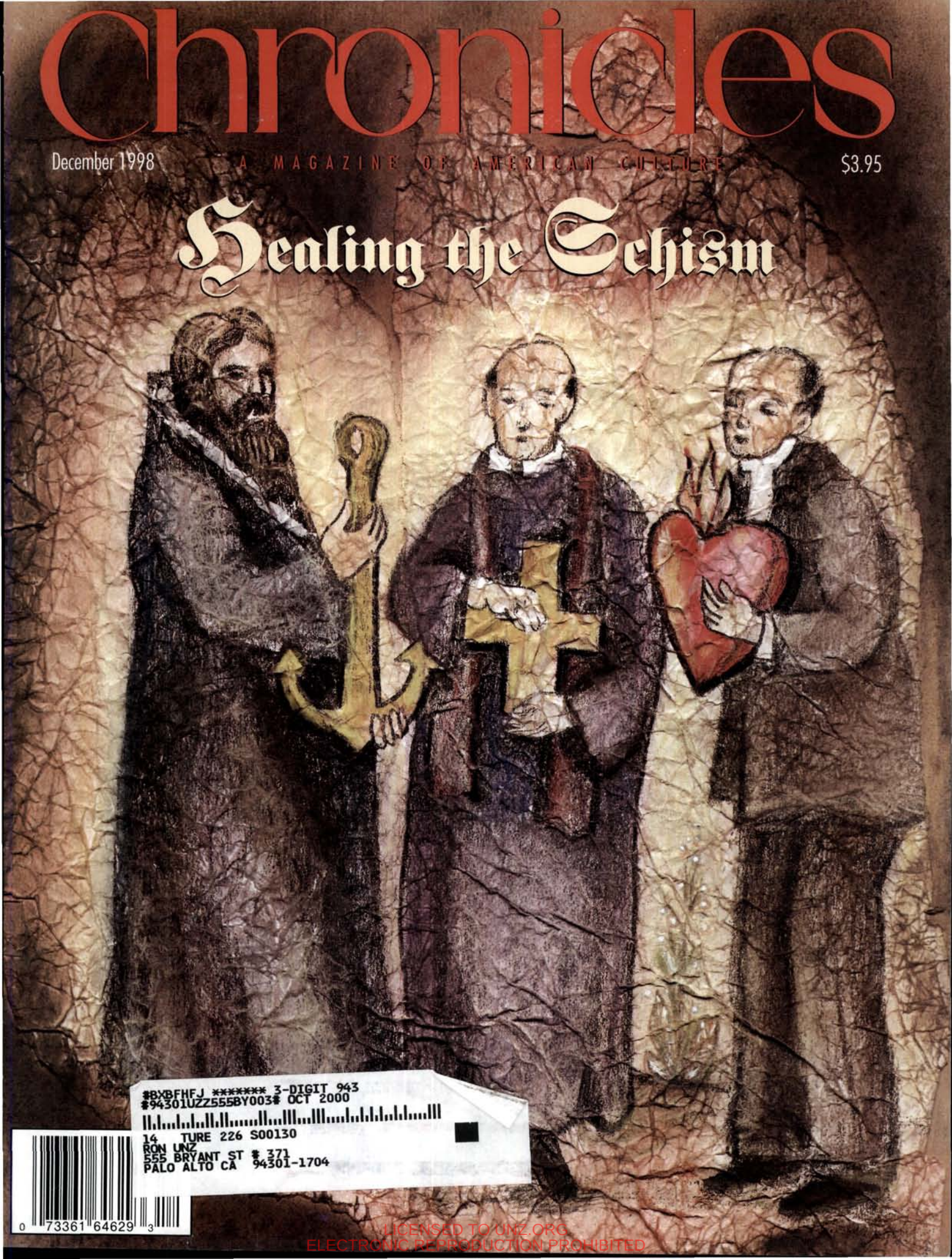
Healing the Schism



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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On School Vouchers

Lew Rockwell ("Flies in the Ointment," September) and I have the same ultimate objective: "an educational market in which parents are responsible for paying for their own children's education." We agree also on the "twin evils of public education: involuntary funding and compulsory attendance." In our ideal (libertarian) world, government would play no role in schooling—neither compelling schooling nor funding schooling. Parental responsibility and the free market would reign supreme.

Where we disagree—and disagree strongly—is on how to get from where we are to where we would like to be. Rockwell's answer is:

> Get the federal government out of education. Decentralize all funding and decision-making to the states, and then to the local level. Scale down school districts to the neighborhood level, as they were in the 19th century. As for private schools, . . . oppose any restrictions whatsoever.

So far, we agree. Every one of those steps is highly desirable. However, whereas he believes that the "push for vouchers is . . . a distraction" from this agenda, I believe that it is the most effective way to promote it. A system of universal vouchers, available to all parents and usable at any school, secular or religious, non-profit or for-profit, would lead to the development of a private enterprise educational industry that would be part of a political coalition powerful enough to counter the influence of the current educational establishment: the public school bureaucracy and the teachers' unions, by far the most powerful and left-leaning special interest group in the country. Effective competition would also bring to schooling the kind of improvements in quality and availability that we have enjoyed in almost every other aspect of our life in which private enterprise has prevailed. Government aside, there is no major area in our life that is as technologically backward as schooling. We teach now as Socrates taught 2,500 years ago.

Proposition 174 in California was indeed, as Rockwell says, "a model piece of voucher legislation backed by all the usual suspects." But it "crashed and burned at the polls" not for the reasons Rockwell claims but because of the well-financed opposition of the vested educational interest—notably the teachers' unions. In the spring of 1993, every poll showed a large majority of voters in favor of the voucher initiative. But then the special interest opponents went into high gear, first using dirty tricks to invalidate petitions sponsoring the initiative, then spending three or four times as much as the proponents could raise on television, radio, and print attacks on the initiative—attacks in which truth took a back seat.

Rockwell chooses to discuss not the kind of universal voucher plan that I suggested more than 40 years ago but the extremely limited plan adopted in Milwaukee. But that is an entering wedge, not a final outcome. It has already been expanded once—from 1.5 percent of students in the Milwaukee public school system to 15 percent—and pressure is mounting to expand it further. I agree with a statement that Wilbur Cohen, former secretary of HEW under President Johnson, made in a 1972 debate with me on Social Security: "A program that deals only with the poor will end up being a poor program." Vouchers will not end up being a program only for the poor. That is foreshadowed in the movement in several states for using tax credits rather than vouchers as a way to empower parents, as well as in the announced goals of the various groups that are seeking to foster parental choice (including the foundation that my wife and I have set up: the Milton and Rose D. Friedman Foundation for promoting parental choice).

Rockwell says that "Vouchers represent not a shrinkage of this welfare state but an expansion, the equivalent of food stamps for private school." But since the voucher amounts to only a fraction of the total amount that the state now spends on each child in public school, and that amount need not be spent for children who leave public schools, vouchers restricted to children in public schools rep-

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resent a shrinkage, not an expansion, in the welfare state. On the other hand, the comparison with food stamps is apt, but Rockwell does not carry it through. He maintains that vouchers will inevitably lead to tighter government controls on private schools. Have food stamps led to such controls on grocery stores? Government power to regulate private schools does not derive from government financing of schools but from compulsory education, which requires the government to specify the type of education that satisfies the requirement.

Referring to the recent Wisconsin Supreme Court verdict on the constitutionality of the Wisconsin voucher law, Rockwell writes: "Those who actually read the decision will find that in order to receive vouchers, religious schools will have to surrender all control over admissions and gut any doctrinal teaching." I have read the decision—all 68 pages—and have found no such thing. It is Rockwell's gloss on certain provisions of the Wisconsin law that were restated by the judges in explaining the basis for their decision—a gloss with which I differ and which refers to provisions confined to Wisconsin. One thing that I do find in the decision is the statement that

> Enforcement of these minimal standards will require the State Superintendent to monitor the quality of secular education at the sectarian schools participating in the plan. But this oversight already exists. In the course of his existing duties, the Superintendent currently monitors the quality of education at all sectarian private schools.

Enough nit-picking, with one exception. "The idea of vouchers," Rockwell writes, "originated on the neoconservative right with Milton Friedman"—a litmus test for me of Rockwell's reliability. I am not now and never have been a "neoconservative"—nor any other kind of conservative. I am and have been for more than half a century a classical liberal or, in modern parlance, a limited-government libertarian. But I value as allies on particular issues persons of any persuasion, including those whom Rockwell labels "big-government libertarians" (an oxymoronic species I have never personally encountered) and "equality activists of all stripes," as well as libertarians and conservatives of all varieties.

Let me end on a positive note. There is enough left of our federalist system so that different educational reforms will be enacted in different jurisdictions. At the moment, Milwaukee and Cleveland are the two main public voucher experiments. There is also a wide range of private voucher experiments. Arizona is in the forefront of charter school innovation. Minnesota is leading on tax credits and deductions. Other experiments are bubbling around the nation. We shall see whether my optimism or Rockwell's pessimism is justified.

I first suggested educational vouchers as a means to implement parental choice and improve our educational system more than 40 years ago, and I have been closely connected with the movement ever since. Until recent years, every attempt to introduce such a system—in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Michigan, Oregon, Colorado, California—has been defeated by the well-financed opposition of the vested educational interests, notably the teachers' unions. For the first time, the vested interests are being defeated here and there and are on the defensive. I believe there is a real chance for a breakthrough that will lead to an unrestricted voucher system generating major improvements in the quality of education and setting us on the road to getting government out of the classroom. It is tragic that, just as the first blades of grass are breaking their way through the concrete opposition of the vested educational interests, believers in human freedom should seek to crush them in the name of a utopian vision.

—Milton Friedman
Senior Research Fellow
Hoover Institution
Stanford, CA

Mr. Rockwell Replies:

Many thanks to Professor Friedman for his thoughtful reply. I'm especially pleased that he accepts my analogy with the famously corrupt food-stamp program.

First, grocery stores rank among the most heavily regulated (and unionized) of retailers, and only by adhering to government dictates can they redeem the stamps. Church-based soup kitchens may not (nor should they aspire to). Second, food stamps don't help the poor; they only make them more dependent on government, a point I would need to explain in the *Nation*, but not in *Chronicles*. Third, the lobbying force behind food stamps is not the poor but the agricultural industry, which government intervention has transformed from independent farmers into a grasping special interest. The prospect of school vouchers has done this to the private-school industry as well. Fourth, it is surely more important to keep government out of the classroom than the grocery store. School vouchers are a welcome mat for Leviathan. Regarding the Wisconsin court decision, the words cited by Professor Friedman are perfunctory and contradicted by the clear language of the legislation in question: Voucher-taking schools must have random admissions and must not integrate religion into their curricula.

Finally, I didn't address Professor Friedman's idealized voucher program because I wanted to stick to real-world examples and propose real-world alternatives. "Utopian" is a good word to describe those who think government can fund private schools without wrecking them and bankrupting us. I can't put it better than Professor Friedman himself did in *Free To Choose*, in a discussion of food stamps and other forms of public assistance:

> The relief rolls grow despite growing affluence. A vast bureaucracy is largely devoted to shuffling papers rather than to serving people. Once people get on relief, it is hard to get off. The country is increasingly divided into two classes of citizens, one receiving relief and the other paying for it. Those on relief have little incentive to earn income. . . . Public anger is repeatedly stirred by widespread corruption and cheating. . . . The waste is distressing, but it is the least of the evils of the paternalistic programs that have grown to such massive size. Their major evil is their effect on the fabric of our society. They weaken the family; reduce the incentive to work, save, and innovate; reduce the accumulation of capital; and limit our freedom. These are the fundamental standards by which they should be judged.

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WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON and his supporters have stepped up their efforts to restore republican government to the United States. Responding to the Starr report—and the accompanying boxes of documentation sent to Congress—the President's liberal champions took up the chant that "It's all about sex" and argued that the real debate in the House Judiciary Committee is over the definition of an impeachable offense. In shielding Mr. Clinton's private life from public scrutiny, the Democratic leadership took rhetorical cynicism to new heights: One "scholar" went on National Public Radio to point out that Alexander Hamilton had engaged in an affair when he was secretary of the treasury, and nobody impeached him. On talk radio, this new bit of historical erudition quickly replaced the Harding scandal and the Jefferson-and-the slave-girl romance, and no Republican, apparently, was bright enough to point out that Cabinet officials are not impeached or that Hamilton carried on his affair outside the office, not within work hours, and with a woman who was not working for him. But why stick at these details? Sex is sex is private life—right?

The liberals are right, of course. In any sane society, a President's private life would not be a fit topic for discussion, much less for an impeachment. That boys will be boys is hardly startling information, even for Americans who are kept in the dark about politics. We may not believe in having babies anymore, but by the age of 16 most of us have the practical knowledge that can only come from experience, and no one who has ever known a politician of either party can have much doubt about the moral standards of American statesmen.

Conservatives used to make jokes about the amours of Franklin Roosevelt and Jack Kennedy, and many journalists knew about Jack Kennedy's procession of bimbos. But even editors who might have had reason to get even with the rum-runner's boy kept their mouths shut. Why? Most of them probably thought—as I do now—that under ordinary circumstances, the nation is better off not to know that we have Don Juan as president than to get bogged down in the sewer of Jack Kennedy's private life. The King of Camelot apparently considered strange women like so much orange juice: No day was complete without having sex with at least one of them. (His successor—a Modred if ever there was one—is not even man enough to bed the broads he chases.)

But that was then and this is now. Jack Kennedy lived in the bad old days of the patriarchy, when straight male dinosaurs ruled the planet, before feminists had reduced all relations between men and women to the level of rape and intimidation. Those were the days when a man could say, "Lovely dress you're wearing," to his secretary, without getting fired or sentenced to sensitivity training. In 1960, there was no Civil Rights Act guaranteeing special privileges to women as a minority—even though women outnumber men in our society and have the power to vote for anyone or anything they like.

In the Kennedy era, women had not yet destroyed the character of our service academies or undermined the effectiveness of police forces. This was even before people like Donna Shalala had imposed anti-white-male quotas and queer studies requirements on universities.

"Those were the days, my friend," but they are gone, thanks to the efforts of Bill and Hillary Clinton, their friends Donna Shalala, Janet Reno, and Patricia Ireland—and virtually every other friend, mentor, disciple, and plaything connected to this administration. But now when the people who write the rules are caught in the wringer they have set up for the rest of us, suddenly sexual harassment is something personal, even when it is inflicted in the work place, by the CEO of a company. Even when that CEO advises you on how to lie under oath and helps you to find a job.

I'd be tempted to describe the liberals' defense of Clinton as hypocritical, but it isn't. Since the 1960's, they have elevated whining into a moral code and designed a two-track political system based on the principle of one law for the rubes and one law for the political class and the privileged minority groups that give them their power. Anyone with half a brain knew from the beginning that affirmative action and welfare could only hurt blacks—and it only took neoconservatives 20 years to figure it out. But what is the life of tens of millions of our fellow citizens compared with the chance to make money and feel good about yourself?

Here's the only deal a self-respecting conservative ought to cut with the Clintons: We'll let you go down in history as a great progressive President. We'll drop the charges, wipe out the historical record (our establishment is good at rewriting history), and all you have to do is give us back the country the way it was before you and your friends ruined it. Just erase every sexual harassment statute, every quota, every special privilege granted since Jack Kennedy stole the election of 1960. For that kind of deal, I'd be happy to waive the 22nd Amendment and make Bill Clinton President for life. He can't be any worse than the new George Bush.

—Thomas Fleming

KOSOVO ALBANIANS have been well supplied with arms and money. Some of the support has come from Islamic fundamentalists in the Middle East, and some from the extensive heroin trade controlled by Albanians. More recently, as Germany's Social Democrats and their Green coalition partners prepared to take over the reins of government in Bonn, evidence came to light that German secret services have been instrumental for years in helping the Albanian separatist movement in Kosovo.

While the government of ex-Chancellor Helmut Kohl had officially backed the Western policy of seeking a negotiated solution (before that policy gave way to yet another wave of "bomb-the-Serbs" euphoria), the Bonn government was undermining that policy on the ground. Behind the scenes, German civil and military intelligence services have been involved in training and equipping the Kosovo rebels for years. Their objective was to foment armed rebellion against Serbia and thus strengthen Germany's autonomous sphere of influence in the Balkans, where Bonn has conducted a remarkably active policy—quite independently of its European partners—ever since Yugoslavia started breaking up almost a decade ago.

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Plus ça change, plus la même chose. Germany's policy in the region traditionally has been anti-Serb; it remains so today, no less than in 1914 or 1941. In December 1991, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, then-foreign minister of the Federal Republic, insisted on what the rest of the European Union subsequently came to regard as the "mistaken and premature" (in the words of Lord Carrington) recognition of Croatia. It is also noteworthy that the self-proclaimed government of the Republic of Kosovo is based in Germany, where approximately 400,000 Kosovo Albanians now live.

According to a report from Paris by Roger Faligot, published in the *European* (September 21-27), Germany's role in arming the Kosovo militants has led to a serious rift between the *Bundesnachrichtendienst* (BND), the German intelligence service, and the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). Faligot quotes French diplomatic sources and General Pierre-Marie Gallois, a specialist in geopolitics, who maintains that some decision-making circles in Germany wish to destabilize the Serbs regardless of the consequences for regional stability: "The Kosovo crisis has initiated a rift between Germany and the United States. Washington realized that pushing the Kosovo Albanians towards a military confrontation with Milosevic, as the Germans wanted to do, would have a boomerang effect on the Balkans. The United States put pressure on Germany to stop supporting the KLA behind the scenes, as did the other European countries such as Britain and France."

The founding of the KLA, the armed wing of the Albanian separatist movement in Kosovo, coincided with the appointment of Hansjörg Geiger as the new head of the BND in 1996. One of his first operational decisions was to set up in Tirana one of the largest BND regional stations. BND operatives collaborated closely with the top brass of the Shik, the Albanian secret service and the successor to the notorious communist Sigurimi. The BND men were in charge of selecting recruits for the KLA command structure from among tens of thousands of Kosovo Albanians living in Albania. Meanwhile, the BND Rome bureau provided political intelligence back-up, including recruitment work in Trieste and Bari, two of the principal entry points into Italy for Albanians.

The German *Militärabschirmdienst* (MAD), the intelligence arm of the military, and special commando units such as the *Kommandos Spezialkräfte* (KSK) were involved in training and the provision of uniforms and communications equipment. Reporters covering Kosovo were surprised to find some KLA fighters clad in current issue *Bundeswehr* combat jackets with identifiable German insignia. The training was subsidized through an Albanian foundation known as "The Fatherland's Call," with branches in Düsseldorf, Bonn, Stockholm, Bern, and other European capitals.

These findings were corroborated in a recent German television documentary program, *Monitor* (September 24). The network's team of investigators, Jo Angerer and Volker Happe, have unearthed a wealth of data proving the link between the KLA and German intelligence services. The report opened with a shipment of arms seized as they were being smuggled into Kosovo from Albania, including high-tech Armbrust anti-tank grenade launchers. "They were developed by the German company MBB for the Bundeswehr, and built in Singapore under German license," the report stated, adding that Albanian rebels were also using radio communications and military monitoring equipment of German origin.

Monitor confirmed that immediately after the communist regime in Tirana collapsed, the BND resident in Tirana was involved in "several illegal arms supplies" which had been arranged by MAD headquarters in Cologne. A former MAD official said that the arms supplies were ordered "by the very top" and that the operation is still treated as strictly confidential. According to a written statement by another informer involved in this operation, "In 1990 and 1991, the MAD supplied electronic and optical monitoring devices and other equipment such as radios to the Albanian intelligence service. The monitoring equipment came from the former East German ministry for state security—the Bundeswehr took it over after unification—and from MAD supplies. MAD officials trained Albanian intelligence service personnel in Tirana to use this equipment."

Contrary to the expected denials from the Federal Defense Ministry, BND and MAD sources confirm that members of the Bundeswehr's school for communications in Bad Ems visited the Albanian capital Tirana on several occasions, as did members of the MAD in Cologne, to arrange deliveries and training.

All of this is against the law—both international law, and Germany's domestic legislation regulating its intelligence agencies, according to Dr. Erich Schmidt-Eenboom, a Munich-based expert on intelligence-related questions. It remains to be seen whether the new coalition in Bonn will be less adventurous in its Balkan policy and more inclined to observe the law of nations and to pursue consensus-building within Europe.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

POPE PAUL VI, whose encyclical *Humanae Vitae* turned 30 this year, predicted that the proliferation of artificial contraception would bring "conjugal infidelity and the general lowering of morality."

It's hard to argue with him: The Pill may not be the only reason that Americans tolerate a 22-year-old tramp providing fellatio (but not sex!) to our chief executive on taxpayer time. Nevertheless, as Archbishop Charles Chaput of Denver observed earlier this year, the sexual revolution (and the consequent cultural "unraveling") would not have been "possible or sustainable without easy access to reliable contraception."

Humanae Vitae's forecast was not merely a civilization turned orgy in which one out of four high school students is expected to graduate with a sexually transmitted disease. The encyclical also warned that contraception would become "a dangerous weapon . . . in the hands of those public authorities who take no heed of moral exigencies." Pope Paul reasoned that if a husband and wife could sterilize themselves on the grounds that another child would break their limited means, governments could apply the same solution to "the problems of the community": overpopulation, crime, low I.Q. A generation earlier, C.S. Lewis, in *The Abolition of Man*, described contraception as another technology that would be advertised as liberating but in practice would be a means for men to control other men.

Americans might find Pope Paul's and Lewis's warnings a little fantastic. After all, most victims of contraception's darker purpose are Third World peasants, and many of them have allowed a gift-bearing Rockefeller or Turner to convince them that paradise is really a village full of women with metal coils rattling around in their uteri. Over here

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you might find the occasional welfare mom in Baltimore who has had a "public authority" sew Norplant into her arm so she can stay on the dole, but Americans hardly live in fear of "placing at the mercy of the intervention of public authorities the most personal and most reserved sector of conjugal intimacy," as Pope Paul put it.

No, our condition is more horrible—and more pathetic. In America we have self-loathing in such abundance that we don't need life-hating billionaires to finance our abolition. We happily pay for it ourselves. Women in America so despise motherhood that they kill their young and regard their fertility as a disease to be treated with pills or surgery. American men by the millions line up to be snipped by the surgeon's scissors.

The proof of the self-loathing is in the desperate search for approval. I had a drink recently at the bar in a men's club. In the space of ten minutes, two men I'd never met before told me about their vasectomies. When the conversation inevitably turned to whether or not this will be the year that the club will admit women, it was all I could do to refrain from saying that it seems they already have.

At garage sales, people we've never met tell my wife and me that they won't be needing these baby things anymore: "You know." A couple we had dinner with *once* informed us that he had been "fixed." Their insurance covered it, they beamed. Even a Marine officer for whom I'd worked told me before heading to the hospital that henceforth he would be "shooting blanks."

Some men are not content with justifying their vasectomies to the strangers they meet but feel compelled to inform the strangers they will never meet, as well. Environmentalist Bill McKibben's new book, *Maybe One*, rehashes tired "Population Bomb" arguments so that he can justify (and describe in detail) to the world the $200 vasectomy that he bought in Canada.

"ASK ME ABOUT MY VASECTOMY!" is the bumper sticker I'm expecting to see any day now. I am so tired of hearing grown men gossip about their privates that I'm thinking of putting a bumper sticker on my car: "IF YOU'VE STERILIZED YOURSELF, IT WAS PROBABLY A GOOD IDEA."

But I'm not that cynical, and there is hope. One More Soul in Dayton, Ohio, maintains a database of doctors who will reverse surgical sterilizations for a reduced fee. One of them, a semi-retired doctor in Texas, does nothing but reverse vasectomies. Now, if we could only find a physician who can minister to the diseased minds that are so terrified of life that they are willing to commit intergenerational suicide.

—*Christopher Check*

HILLARY CLINTON wisely chose to spend her 23rd wedding anniversary at a women's conference in Bulgaria rather than in Washington with her husband. The White House claimed that Mrs. Clinton had decided to attend the October conference months earlier, but the timing—less than a week after the House of Representatives voted to open an impeachment inquiry—raised eyebrows, as did Mrs. Clinton's failure to mention her husband.

While journalists seemed more interested in what Mrs. Clinton failed to say than in what she actually said, her speech should have raised some eyebrows as well. Before an audience which included the first ladies of Rumania, Slovenia, Albania, Macedonia, Greece, and Turkey, Mrs. Clinton condemned the Serbian response to armed Albanian uprisings in Kosovo, calling the situation there "both [a] humanitarian crisis and a violation of humanity," according to Reuters. Yugoslavia's first lady was not in attendance; instead, Yugoslavia was represented by a woman whom Reuters simply called an "opposition figure": "Sonja Liht [*sic*], president of the Fund for Open Society [*sic*] in Yugoslavia, 'overcame tremendous difficulties to be with us today,' Mrs. Clinton said."

Sonja Licht, however, is no mere "opposition figure": She is the president of the executive board of the Fund for an Open Society-Yugoslavia, one of the many branches of the Soros Foundation Network operating in the Balkans (there are other branches in Albania, Macedonia, Croatia, Bosnia, and Slovenia). Although no one who has followed George Soros's "philanthropic" activities can doubt that they are politically motivated, the Soros Foundation Network has—until now—maintained the fiction of nonpartisanship. According to the network's website (*www.soros.org*, of course), the "Fund for an Open Society is a Yugoslav non-governmental, non-political and non-profit organization which supports and introduces programs and activities aimed at the development of democratic culture, tolerance and peace. By supporting programs in the fields of education, science, culture and art, health-care system and communications, the Fund aims to build on preconditions for the overall development of the Yugoslav society, essential for establishing democratic relations and stability of the whole Balkan region."

Since 1991, when he established the Fund for an Open Society-Yugoslavia, George Soros has taken an unhealthy interest in the Balkans, and the construction of a multicultural state (an "Open Society") in Bosnia is an experiment that he would like to see recreated throughout the Balkans and eventually around the world. To that end, the Fund for an Open Society-Yugoslavia spent $11.1 million in 1996, a considerable sum in the Balkans.

Like Soros, Uncle Sam can't seem to mind his own business: Reuters reported that Mrs. Clinton announced that the "Agency for International Development had allocated a fresh $15 million grant to foster civic society in the region." Even Soros, one of the richest men in the world, can't match the U.S. government's "generosity." But if Hillary Clinton's embrace of Sonja Licht is any sign, he may not have to. The United States seems prepared to use its citizens' tax dollars (not to mention their lives) to make Soros's dream of a world-wide "Open Society" a reality.

—*Scott P. Richert*

GEORGE CORLEY WALLACE, R.I.P. I remember the first time I saw him. It was on a golden autumn day in 1962, and he was running for governor. The streets of my little town in northwest Alabama were cordoned off, and the honky-tonk band was playing a rousing version of "Dixie" as hundreds of state and Confederate flags waved in the breeze. When he strutted onto the stage and approached the big silver microphone, the crowd hushed in anticipation. "My fellow Alabamians. . . ." I don't remember much of what he said thereafter, but as a 10-year-old kid, I felt proud to be from Alabama.

The recent death of former Governor George Corley Wallace brought forth an outpouring of grief in Alabama, and I was among the mourners. While the rest of the country was absorbed in the Clinton sex scandal, we Alabamians buried a

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man that history ought to remember as the greatest American political figure of the latter half of the 20th century. Simply put, George Wallace was decades ahead of his time in identifying the conservative-populist agenda of the 1990's, and he needed neither consultants nor pollsters to tell him which way the political winds were blowing.

Wallace's demise occasioned the predictable response from the political pundits and media talking heads. On September 17, the *Montgomery Advertiser* preached to its empty choir: "No journey is longer than the one from prejudice to the acceptance that all human beings are created equal. But that is a journey George Corley Wallace made in his lifetime."

And perhaps he did. But George Wallace will be remembered for more than his *volte-face*. At the peak of his political career, Governor Wallace stood foursquare against the imposition on the South of the Yankee ideology of egalitarianism. Like many of the South's greatest statesmen before him, Wallace understood that a Jacobin-inspired mechanical equality was contrary to nature and to biblical teaching and could only be enforced by an all-powerful central government. The destruction of states' rights in the South (and, by implication, elsewhere) was the first step toward undermining the American people and their institutions. Wallace rightly identified the enemy and fought it valiantly until the attempt on his life in 1972.

The media's analysis of the evil half of the Wallace legacy focused largely on his "stand in the schoolhouse door," defying federal orders to integrate the University of Alabama. His evocation of state sovereignty on that occasion was the proper response to a federal government lurching far beyond the bounds of its authority. Moreover, he had the great majority of Alabamians behind him. They understood that this assault was designed to foment a social revolution that would usher in a brave new world governed by a set of ideas foreign to Alabama and the South.

It is said that in 1983 Wallace became a born-again Christian and repented of his sins in the presence of the Reverend Billy Graham. I presume the pundits mean racism and segregation, but Wallace never did turn away from the most important political stand he ever took—defending states' rights. Though chameleon-like on the politics of race as a young, middle-aged, and old man, Wallace never wavered from the populist political agenda of which states' rights was the heart and soul. He understood that the states were sovereign political societies and that the federal leviathan was their sworn adversary. Wallace championed the "little man" against briefcase-toting bureaucrats and "pointy-headed intellectuals" who grew fat and powerful at the expense of the honest working man, who was usually stigmatized as a "redneck."

Wallace's states' rights populism played well outside Alabama and the South as well. He ran for president in both 1968 and 1972, and in the latter campaign he had the Democratic-Republican establishment shaking in their Guccis. The day after he was shot by Arthur Bremer in Laurel, Maryland, he won both the Michigan and Maryland Democratic primaries. Though a Democrat, he will perhaps be remembered best for his observation that "There's not a dime's worth of difference between the Democrats and the Republicans"—a remark that is truer today than it was 30 years ago.

Alabama loved Governor George Corley Wallace. To those of us who witnessed him in his prime, he was the epitome of grit and courage in a day of political and social upheaval. His funeral drew tens of thousands of his fellow Alabamians to Montgomery. As his coffin, draped with the red St. Andrew's cross on a field of white, descended the steps of the state capitol, we could not help wondering whether we would ever see the likes of him again.

—*Michael Hill*

EPICYCLES:

• Don't Cry for Me, Czech Republic: On September 25, the *Times* of London reported that Vaclav Havel—the physically and politically ailing president of the Czech Republic—will likely announce his resignation during his traditional speech to the nation on New Year's Day. In the meantime, Havel has suggested two possible replacements: Petra Buzkova, whom the *Times* describes as a "Catholic theologian and a popular Social Democratic politician," and **Madeleine Albright**. That's right—the former U.S. ambassador to the United Nations and current U.S. secretary of state. A naturalized U.S. citizen of Czech birth, Mrs. Albright would be eligible to take up the presidency. The *Times* suggests that her prospects are good, since the "secular Czechs would probably not be keen on a theologian as head of state," while Albright "speaks good, if accented, Czech, and won huge applause when she addressed the Czech parliament last year." The *Times* fails, however, to mention Albright's chief qualification for replacing the atheist intellectual Havel: The religion-swapping, country-hopping secretary of state is perhaps the prime example of the New World Order's deracinated political elite. But don't bet the paycheck on Albright returning to her mother country: After all, the Czech Republic's army is a little smaller than she's used to.

OBITER DICTA: Scott P. Richert has taken on the responsibilities of managing editor of *Chronicles* following the departure of Theodore Pappas. Mr. Richert has been with The Rockford Institute for three years, first as assistant for external activities, then as assistant editor of *Chronicles*. Corresponding editor **Bill Kauffman** and contributing editor **Katherine Dalton Boyer** (a former managing editor of *Chronicles*) will be assuming additional duties.

Chronicles has a new feature this month. *Dictations*, a column about the (mis)use of words, can be found on p.13. Whether *Dictations* will appear in future issues is up to our readers. Please let us know what you think.

The University of Chicago Press has released *The Complete Poems of Michelangelo*, translated by **John Frederick Nims**. Poems 105, 106, 259, and 274 appeared in our May 1997 issue.

Two poets grace our pages this month. **Robert Beum** resides in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. His poems and essays have appeared in the *Sewanee Review*, *National Review*, *Christian Century*, *Prairie Schooner*, and the *Southwest Review*, among others. His most recent books are *Classic European Short Stories* and *Modern British Essayists*. **Robert A. Hall** is a Marine Vietnam veteran who later served five terms in the Massachusetts State Senate. He is the president of the Graphic Arts Association of Philadelphia and resides in Oaklyn, New Jersey.

Chronicles Art Director **Anna Mycek-Wodecki** has illustrated this month's issue. She has exhibited her work in Warsaw, Paris, New York, and Rockford.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

One World, One Leader, One god

by Thomas Fleming

The unity of Christendom and the restoration of the American republic are themes that have intertwined their way through the numbers of this magazine, like the twin strands of the DNA double helix. The message does not always meet with approval. Recently, a man of wealth and influence told us that he was no longer interested in a particular nation like the United States or in a particular religion, namely Christianity. By implication, he would like to advance the goal of a world religion for a world-state. This is a man who passes for wise on Wall Street, and he has been intelligent enough not only to make huge sums of money on speculation but also to hold onto his fortune in good times and bad, a veritable Baruch (Bernard, that is, and not the prophet). Like too many men of business, however, he knows so little history (to say nothing of religion or philosophy) that he cannot see where his vision leads. A conservative by background and self-interest, he has given his mind (and the minds of his children and grandchildren) over to liberals who have licked it into shape like the proverbial she-bear and her cubs.

Ours is hardly the first age in which rulers have dreamed of uniting the world in secular government. Ever since the collapse of the Western empire, European rulers from Charlemagne to Hitler have used the trappings and symbols of Rome as justification for their expanding power, but even before Rome began its rise to world dominance, other Mediterranean races had claimed universal authority: Akkadians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians—each in its turn dominated the stage like a Vegas showgirl having her moment in the spotlight.

The prophet Baruch, apparently, lived in the time of the Babylonians, when the Lord's people were punished for their disobedience. Mingling with strangers in a polyglot Babel, the Jews had given in to the temptation to assimilate and to worship alien gods, which had neither physical might nor moral authority: "For as a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers keepeth nothing: so are their gods of wood, and laid over with silver and gold" (Baruch 6:20). A futile experiment in power politics had led to the subjugation of Israel and Judah, and the people paid in full the tragic wages of their error: the loss of their identity, their culture, and the religion that made them who they were.

For the Jews, Babylon became a symbol of earthly empire, as well as of their own desolation. Man's *libido dominandi*, the desire to subject the earth to one power, was exemplified in the construction of Babel, whose builders said, "Let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." The result, as we learn, was the opposite of their intentions, and instead of securing the unity they sought, they were divided in language, and "the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to build the city." Their uncompleted city of the world remains the unfinished business of fallen man.

In the ancient Middle East, struggles between cities and nations were inevitably struggles between gods, and when my city beat your city, it meant that your gods were either destroyed or inducted onto a lower level of my god's pantheon. Religious unity—in any sense except a unity in adhering to the Truth—is the spiritual dimension of the world-empire that keeps ambitious men up late at night, plotting and scheming over peoples and territories that for them have little intrinsic worth. What an empire Mussolini coveted—Ethiopia and Albania, countries not worth the wig of a good tenor at La Scala! And when the World Council of Great Religions has its way, it will domineer over an empire of spiritual Albanias, welding United Methodists, Evangelical Lutherans, Reform Jews, humanitarian Muslims, and Daishonin Buddhists into a universal unfaith.

Universalism—whether of power, of religion, or of principles—is a chimera in both senses of the word: It is a monster as well as a myth. The persistent heresy that all souls—including

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Satan's—will some day be reconciled to God finds its modern analogue in the theory (going back at least to Kant) that all moral principles, to be valid, must be applied universally. Like God, we are to be no respecters of persons, and if we have a duty to rear our children, that duty must be generalized as an obligation to all children; and if a man is supposed to help his neighbor, this means that he must be taxed for the benefit of complete strangers.

From a Christian perspective, this is all worse than nonsense. Both Scripture and Tradition enjoin particular duties which, while they do not exclude universal obligations on principle, make it impossible for Christians to adopt (much less to act on) such fantastic notions. When I say "Christian," I mean of course trinitarians—Catholics, Orthodox, and Protestants who have the courage to accept the full force of the Incarnation. Of Unitarians, Mormons, Witnesses, and so-called liberal Christians, I make no criticism of what they are or what they do: They are often good people who believe what they believe, but they only confuse matters in calling themselves Christian.

The Trinity is not simply an irrational article of faith which we believe because we are told to—like not drinking wine or coffee—or a traditional ritual like the blessing of a fleet: It is central and definitive to a Christian understanding of the world. We are taught to say that Christianity is a monotheist religion, but I do not like to hear our faith called a religion, much less to have it included in a category. Islam is a "monotheist religion"; Christianity (so we believe) is adherence to the Way, the Truth, and the Life. God, as we and the Jews believe, is one. But He is also three. Setting aside the mysteries of the Holy Ghost, Christians have a view of life and politics profoundly different from strict monotheists, if only because our God condescended to become man, to eat what we eat, to suffer as we suffer—and more. In this sense, we are more like the Greek poet Pindar, who declared that the race of gods and the race of men were one, than we are like the Muslims.

"The philosophical source from which the slavery of man derives is monism." Berdyaev's *Slavery and Freedom* is not, perhaps, the most orthodox authority to invoke in an argument about the Trinity, but Chesterton made a similar point in opposing the Christian understanding of the Incarnation to the despotic Orient where the unbridgeable gap between God and man was only slightly greater than the distance between the ruler and his slaves. For Berdyaev, the mystery of Christ is "the mystery of the paradoxical union of the one and the many," because Christ represents all of humanity but is at the same time "a concrete individual man in time and space."

In Christ, the problem of the one and the many that obsessed the Greeks—the unity of truth in a plurality of phenomena—is resolved, and resolved in a fashion that clarifies what Aristotle was striving to discover in his account of universals—the absolute principles which (unlike Plato's forms) do not exist on their own but are inherent or immanent in the individuals of this world. Christ is both the universal God Who transcends all categories—in Whom there is no East and West—and at the same time the Word Who gives true meaning to the categories—without Whom there is no East and West, even in a literal sense.

What in America we call federalism—the recognition of sovereignty at every social level—is the product of a habit of thinking that is both Christian and Aristotelian. Our *E pluribus unum* discloses a deeper insight into the nature of human life than most of the Founders grasped. They lived, however, within a smoking cinder of Christendom that still retained some of the bright light of its youth: The Anglican colonists, for example, governed themselves in parishes under the jurisdiction of the bishop of London who was subject to the English primate, the archbishop of Canterbury, whose relations with his brothers were strained, to say the least, but an English episcopal church only made sense in the context of other apostolic churches. In *Religio Medici* (1642), Thomas Browne called it both "an unjust scandall of our adversaries" and a "grosse error" of his fellow Anglicans "to compute the Nativity of our Religion from Henry the eight, who though he rejected the Pope, refus'd not the faith of Rome."

Most Puritans rejected such logic, but in their own congregational organization they exemplified the lower-order federalism that would typify the early years of the American republic. However, even the most authoritarian church, the Roman Catholic Church after the Council of Trent, is a model of devolution compared with most European nation-states in the same period. Perhaps it is only accidental that the early Church, in taking over the structure of the Roman world, evolved into a loose hierarchy of parishes, dioceses, patriarchal sees, presided over (not ruled) by the Roman patriarch, but it is the same sort of accident that brought Christ into the world at the point where the revelations of the Hebrew prophets could be expressed and defended in Greek philosophical terms and spread throughout a world governed by Roman law and Roman political order.

The unity of the Church is the unity of free men in Christ and in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, not the monist and universalist empire of a divine pharaoh or of the caliph who speaks for Allah. In the Christian world, there is almost always a tension—an enduring conflict—between the claims of the Church and the claims of the empire and its successors. To make good their claims, emperors arrested popes, popes humiliated emperors, and while both spectacles are less than edifying, they are evidence of a separation of powers that persists in spite of the worst efforts of secularist bishops and sacrilegious rulers.

The schisms that have divided Christ's body—as the soldiers divided His garments—are the worst scandals in Christendom, worse, by far than dissolute popes, heretical sects, and the laxity of faith that is the chief characteristic of modern times. To obviate the usual arguments and exceptions, I am willing to believe most of what is said by all sides against each other: that Rome was poaching on Orthodox territories and inserting innovations into the creed, that the Byzantine Church had fallen under the sway of the emperor, that the Renaissance Church practiced the foulest abuses, that Luther was an egoist and an oath-breaker. There is enough blame to go around, as there is in any marriage, and after the shame of a divorce it may be impossible to think clearly or speak honestly of the ex-spouse—until, perhaps, one or both of them is dying. With Christendom in its death throes, I wonder if there is any chance of patching things up.

So far as most Western Christians are concerned, the answer seems to be no. One Western attitude toward Orthodoxy is summed up in a recent article in *Archaeology*, giving the details of several major cases of vandalism and theft perpetrated against Orthodox churches on Cyprus. It was bad enough that we have abandoned our Greek Orthodox brothers, once again, to the brutality of the Turks, but we have even learned how to make

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money by looting their churches—perhaps the inevitable response of a consumerist society. "Ironically," the dealer who turned on his colleagues and collaborated with the investigation was a descendant of both Rembrandt and Rubens.

After the break-up of the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, Western churches rushed in, not to help the struggling Orthodox—oppressed by decades of atheist communism—to get back on their feet, but to poach on their territory. Rewriting history, Catholics are claiming the whole of the Ukraine as their possession, and in Bosnia the Catholic bishops appear content with the massive destruction of Orthodox churches and the expulsion of the bishops. On a recent trip, I spent time with two Orthodox bishops—one in Bijeljina, the other in Trebinje, both of them driven from their sees.

Confronted with evidence that Orthodox Christians are facing extinction in Kosovo, the U.S. Bishops' Committee on International Policy has released a statement condemning the Orthodox Serbs for crimes against humanity "chillingly similar" to the ethnic cleansings practiced in Bosnia. Almost simultaneously, the Catholic News Service released a statement quoting a Muslim cleric to the effect that the Koran forbids the killing of the innocent. In other words, there are bad Muslims, who are terrorists, and good Muslims, who are not, but the only good Orthodox are dead Orthodox.

The American bishops' lack of sympathy with the Orthodox seems to contradict the Pope's stated desire to reconcile East and West. Comparing the Catholic and Orthodox Churches to the two lungs of the body, Pope John Paul II has even encouraged uniate churches (i.e., Eastern churches in union with Rome) to omit the disputed *filioque* in the Nicene Creed. Unfortunately the Pope, in making the difficult journey to unification, has made a diplomatic wrong turn by going to Zagreb for the beatification of Cardinal Stepinac. Although Stepinac appears to have acted heroically in resisting communism after the war, his initial enthusiasm for the Croatian Nazi government of Ante Pavelic, which pursued an official and announced policy of genocide against the Orthodox, has made him in the eyes of the Serbs—however unfairly—a symbol of the Catholic Church's hostility to the Orthodox.

In the Balkans, where one does not expect fair play, it is somewhat surprising that the Bishop of Mostar (whose Orthodox brother lives, now, in the Republika Srpska) has unequivocally condemned the fraudulent "apparitions" at Medjugorje—phony miracles that have funded the Croatian war machine and drawn attention away from the scene of Croatian atrocities in World War II. Despite Bishop Ratko Peric's statements and the conclusive investigative reporting of E. Michael Jones in his recent book, *The Medjugorje Deception*, the Vatican maintains a discreet silence on Medjugorje. Technically, the decision does belong to the local bishop; nonetheless, according to Cardinal Ratzinger, the Vatican was on the point of issuing a statement when the break-up of Yugoslavia complicated things.

The beatification of Stepinac, coupled with continued acquiescence in the racketeering Franciscans at Medjugorje, are "chillingly similar" to the Vatican's cordial relations with Nazi Croatia in the 1940's, and the Orthodox, understandably, are alarmed by what they see as evidence of a continuing Catholic conspiracy against their church. There are, however, less sinister explanations: Michael Jones argues that Pope John Paul II cannot help viewing Croatian anti-communists through a Polish lens. However, the Orthodox, who can only interpret the Catholic Church's recent actions in the light of their own experience, are in no mood for ecumenical dialogue.

Protestants have been, if anything, more predatory than the Catholics in recent years. Instead of sending missionaries to convert the anti-Christians who now inhabit the Protestant heartland—Germany, Switzerland, Britain, and Scandinavia—Protestants are using the allure of Western capitalism as bait for the downtrodden Orthodox. The implied message is "Forget about all those stuffy traditions and switch to the religion of jeans and coke and mutual funds." The pitch reminds me of the atheist parody of a Pepsi commercial popular in the 50's:

> Christianity hits the spot.
> Twelve apostles, that's a lot.
> Jesus Christ, the virgin too,
> Christianity is for you.

To be fair, I do not think that these missionary groups have reflected upon their motives. When I asked one of their leaders if he worked through local churches in Russia, he told me, "Always." But, asked if that included the Orthodox, he replied—without batting an eye—"Never," as if it were inconceivable. I repeated this story to a Lutheran friend, who was quick to defend the missionaries: "Oh, but the Russian Orthodox are trying to exclude us." I tried to explain that religious pluralism is not a Christian ideal but an invention of modern liberalism, and I sketched out a little of the heroic history of Orthodox churches in the Slavic world and explained what the Orthodox had suffered in the past few generations. Why should we treat them like heathens, I asked, simply because they are poor and vulnerable? Seeing that the lady, a good and compassionate Christian, was faltering, I put the question plainly: Are the Orthodox Christian or not? If they are not, there is a great deal of history that must be rewritten—going back to the days of the apostles—and if they are Christian, then how can we justify our treatment of them?

The Orthodox can give as bad as they get, and even from Greek and Slavic Americans, I am beginning to hear the paranoid fantasy of a vast Vatican conspiracy (in tandem with the Freemasons) to destroy Orthodoxy. Although some of the best Christians I know are Anglicans who converted to Orthodoxy, converts are generally more fanatical than cradle Orthodox. One of them recently told me that all Western Christians were heretics, and that Copts and Monophysites were more "Orthodox" than the regular "Byzantines"—the Copts really know how to keep their women in place, apparently, and this is a real plus for an emasculate American who is afraid of women. The next stop is Islam and a quartet of mail-order brides from the Philippines.

But even if all the obstacles and misunderstandings were set aside, the prospects for Christian unity would be far from bright, if only because most ecumenical projects have a queer smell to them. Schemes to unify the Church are exactly like proposals for world government, that is, thinly disguised imperialisms, which take the form either of Rome or Constantinople graciously condescending to admit the prodigal son back into the family (with suitable concessions to the poor fellow's injured vanity) or, even worse, a blueprint for a universal church bureaucracy that would transcend all the sectarian hierarchies and, ultimately, reach out to Muslims, Buddhists, and who

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knows what else. The only thing worse than schism would be a false unity based on power and self-interest.

My own latitudinarian views, which have succeeded in offending most of my serious Christian friends (whether Orthodox, Protestant, or Catholic), were inspired by English theologians as different from each other as Richard Baxter and Thomas Browne. The opening pages of Browne's *Religio Medici* ought to be read and reread by anyone about to engage in a controversy with Christians of a different tradition. Professing himself a good Anglican Protestant, Browne goes on to reserve certain questions to his own reason or humor. "I condemn not all things in the Council of Trent, nor approve all in the Synod of Dort." Although a sincere Protestant, Browne refused to engage in scurrility against papists: "There is between us one common name and appellation, one faith, and necessary body of principles common to us both." In Europe, he scandalized his English friends by attending Masses and processions, but, he insists, he could "never see any rationall consequence from those many texts which prohibite the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians."

Confessing to a certain fondness for superstitious ritual—"I love to use the civility of my knees, my hat, and hands"—Browne says that he wept at sacred processions, "while my consorts, blinde with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an eccesse of scorne and laughter." He acknowledges the dangers lurking in the rituals of the Greek, Roman, and African churches, but they are ceremonies "whereof the wiser zeales doe make a Christian use."

An Anglican who could attend Mass and find good things to say about Calvin would inevitably attract the charge of deism, especially if he constructed a natural theology on the basis of his scientific research and his reading of pagan philosophy. Nevertheless, when Dr. Johnson reviewed the evidence, he concluded that "Browne was a zealous adherent to the faith of Christ, that he lived in obedience to his laws and died in confidence of his mercy."

Neither Johnson nor Browne ever seriously flirted with the Scarlet Woman; both were staunch Anglicans who occasionally took up the Catholic perspective and judged it fairly. Thomas More said that he would give even the Devil the benefit of law, and I hope he would have done the same for Martin Luther. Chesterton gave the Anglicans their due (perhaps more than their due), and a Catholic priest once reproached me for being too hard on the Pentecostalists for their emotional hysteria. God had been merciful, he said, in giving such emotional blessings to those who were deprived of the consolation of the sacraments.

I have met more than a few evangelicals who conceded that Catholics might actually be Christians, and there must be a few Pentecostalists who can match the generosity of my friend, the priest. We might all take a cue from a scene in Robert Duval's recent film, *The Apostle*. Duval plays an all-too-passionate Holiness preacher fleeing a homicide charge. Finding himself on the edge of a bayou in Cajun country, he watches as a Catholic priest blesses a procession of gaily decorated fishing boats. He smiles and says to himself, "You got your way, I got mine, but we both get the job done."

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DICTATIONS

Parsing or Posing?

Bill Clinton has enriched the American political vocabulary in so many ways, giving us (along with jokes involving knee-pads and Buddhist nuns) such expressions as "I feel your pain," "conduct that was not appropriate," and "depends on what your definition of *is* is."

The last example, along with the President's celebrated quibbles on the meaning of words like "sexual" and "alone" inspired his more loyal followers to praise him for "parsing" his sentences carefully, by which they apparently meant choosing his words in such a way as to avoid a jail term for perjury. How persuasive these efforts prove will depend on how Americans will parse "parse."

When I went to school, the schoolmarms still clung to the definition given in the OED:

> To describe (a word in a sentence) grammatically, by stating the part of speech, inflexion, and relation to the rest of the sentence; to resolve (a sentence, etc.) into its component parts of speech and describe them grammatically.

Parsing is an honorable, if stodgy, exercise that used to consume half of an intermediate Latin class. What Clinton was doing with his words would better be described by such phrases as "splitting hairs," "logic chopping," and "mincing words." But all those expressions, appropriate as they are, suggest that the Commander-in-Chief is being sneaky or underhanded and may even be dissimulating.

In other words, the President's friends cannot even be honest when they admit he is lying. The next step will be to issue a statement denying that Bill Clinton ever parsed a sentence in his life, which will be the first true statement made by this administration.

—*Humpty Dumpty*

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The Great Schism

Grounds for Division, Grounds for Unity

by Fr. Hugh Barbour, O. Praem.

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

In August 1994, I was happy to be one of the many Latin clerics who over the years, *in divisa* or *in borghese*, have made a pilgrimage to the Holy Mountain of Athos, the Garden of the Mother of God. On the Feast of the Lord's Transfiguration, I was able to set foot on that peninsula where souls and bodies hidden from the world, but known to God and His angels, share still in the bright glory of the mystery narrated in the Holy Gospels. I made this pilgrimage with the blessing of my abbot after attending an international meeting of some clergy. On Athos, I expected to be refreshed and edified, and I was, after having had to breathe deeply the atmosphere of a sadly typical postconciliar gathering of ecclesiastics—some of whom were merely juridically Roman Catholic—for whom God and the things of God could scarcely be said to hold the primacy, and the Pope not at all.

In a shop by the docks at the little western port of the mountain, I found a postcard of an icon depicting a touching and curious scene: "The Lamentation over Constantine Palaiologos" written at the Old Calendarist hesychasterion of the Mother of God of the Myrtle Tree in Attica. In the icon, the emperor reposes on a bier with a candle as two women mourn on either side: one kneeling, written as "Orthodoxy," and the other, "Hellas," standing with her hand to her mouth in a gesture of reverence, calling to mind the original sense of the imperial Roman *adoratio*. A touching scene, because it brings to mind the magnificent "courage born of despair," as even the malicious Gibbon puts it, with which the last of the Roman emperors died leading the defense of his New Rome; yet still a curious one, since this Constantine XII died in communion with the see of Old Rome, having received the eucharistic viaticum that morning at a uniate liturgy, the last to be served in the Church of Holy Wisdom. Even more curious was the figure "Hellas," for nothing could be less Byzantine, less Orthodox, less imperial, than the use of this term to name the nation of Greek-speaking *Romaioi*.

To Orthodox Byzantium, "hellenic" meant secular, pagan, something worse than heterodox, to be anathematized in the synodikon on the first Sunday of Great Lent. At the time of the fall of the city, a "hellene" was one who, by promoting the Florentine Platonic revival, exceeded even the utilitarian impiety of the Florentine *latinophrones* (Greek latinizers). The figure of Orthodoxy, undoubtedly the most important in the image, was in very strange company indeed, with anomalies more than anachronistic. That this icon was the work of Old Calendarists who clearly intended it to be the expression of a rigorously Orthodox historical sensibility indicates a fact, more relevant than ever, which those of us who sympathize with the zealots, Catholic and Orthodox, must keep in mind. We must be vigilant to ensure that in our understanding and defense of right belief and right worship we do not adopt the ideological preoccupations of political and philosophical movements, sometimes those of our friends and allies, which are foreign to our faith and its tradition, lest we undermine the very thing we are striving to preserve. We must examine carefully the understanding and instincts of the best representatives of our twin tradition, East-

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ern and Western, especially at the points in history when they are explicitly opposing each other or together combating the same contemporary errors. The happy result of this can be a genuine ecumenism, an ecumenism, if you will, of the "anti-ecumenical," innocent of ideology or indifferentism. Dom Gerard Calvet, abbot of the traditional Benedictine abbey of the Madeleine, Le Barroux in Provence has said: "The true ecumenism is that of Tradition . . . the more I deepen my understanding of Tradition, the more I rediscover other men."

After the pilgrimage to the Holy Mountain, I went to Serres in Macedonia near the Bulgarian border, to the monastery of the Holy Forerunner, to the tomb of Gennadios Scholarios, first patriarch of Constantinople under Turkish domination, to pay a debt of gratitude to him by praying for the repose of his soul, having completed in 1993 a study of his thought for a doctorate at a Roman university. The monastery, to which he retired and from which he hoped (and hopes still!) to rise in the *parousia*, is now flourishing after many years without a monastic community. There are nuns there, the spiritual daughters of the great Father Ephraim, abbot of Philotheou on Athos, who has founded a number of observant communities in Greece and most recently in Arizona at a desert town ominously—for the Orthodox at least—named Florence. Two kind nuns accompanied me to the *katholikon* where they were amazed and a bit reluctant to see me venerate the relics of the monastery, and they stood by, one on each side, with a certain skeptical vigilance as I knelt and prayed a rosary *more romano* at the epitaph of the patriarch. They simply did not know what to expect from a Latin priest, but they were willing and charitable enough in their watchfulness.

Here was another touching and curious scene, yet one more truly indicative of the state of things past and present and future than that written on the postcard icon. This was a living icon of the clarity about tradition just commended, with the tense, but kind-hearted *akribeia* (strictness of interpretation) which ought to characterize the relations between Roman Catholics and Eastern Orthodox. None of us had made a compromise, but something true had brought us together. The nuns represented the living tradition of Orthodoxy; the kneeling priest, the faith of the Roman Catholic Thomist. What did the patriarch lying in death, surrounded by his modern mourners, represent?

Gennadios Scholarios was the hand-picked successor of St. Mark of Ephesus as leader of the zealot opposition to the union council of Florence, at which they had both assisted. When the union decree of the council was promulgated by Emperor Constantine and the papal legate, Cardinal Isidore of Kiev, in Hagia Sophia in December 1452 (just six months before the fall of the city), Gennadios published the following proclamation on the door of his cell in the monastery of Charsianeites nearby:

> O miserable Romans, why will you abandon the truth; and why instead of confiding in God will you put your trust in the Italians? In losing your faith you will lose your city. Have mercy on me O Lord! I protest in your presence that I am innocent of the crime. O miserable Romans, consider, pause, and repent. At the same moment you renounce the religion of your fathers, by embracing impiety you submit to a foreign servitude.

Later, after the fall of the city, Mehmet II brought Gennadios back from captivity to make him the patriarch of the Romans and the first ethnarch of the Greek-speaking Christians under the Turcocracy. Gennadios resigned in 1457 to go to Vatopedi on Athos, was brought back again in 1462, and then resigned definitively in 1464 and went into retirement at the monastery of the Forerunner in Serres. There he continued a theological and philosophical production which had characterized his life since the conclusion of the Council of Florence. He reposed in the Lord sometime in the year 1472.

Gennadios professed an Orthodoxy of the utmost purity and possessed an anti-Latin *animus* firm enough to make him doctrinally acceptable to the saintly arch-zealot Mark of Ephesus and politically acceptable to the wily sultan. One would expect his writings to reflect this. On examining them, then, one is struck with amazement to see that he is an ardent and enthusiastic follower and translator of St. Thomas Aquinas.

> We must be vigilant to ensure that we do not adopt the ideological preoccupations of political and philosophical movements which are foreign to our faith and its tradition, lest we undermine the very thing we are striving to preserve.

Western scholasticism is supposed to be the bane of both the ecumenically minded and traditionalist Orthodox today, one of the only points they share in common. There is barely a point of heterodox Latin theology or liturgy which the zealots do not trace to it. There is barely an aspect of traditional Orthodox practice that the modernists want to change in which they do not see some latinizing scholastic or even—perish the thought—Augustinian influence. Both lament the influence of Latin scholasticism on some of the standard Orthodox theological manuals and catechisms in use until recently in Greece and in Slavic countries. Scholasticism, synonymous (it would seem) with rationalism, and the cause of secularism, is pernicious and fundamentally unorthodox, a foreign influence, an aberration. But let us hear what Gennadios, the patriarch, patriot, and anti-Latin zealot has to say in the preface to his summaries of the two *Summae* of St. Thomas Aquinas:

> The present book is a summary of two books, one of that against the Gentiles, or those heresies which oppose the truth, the other the first part of the *Summa Theologiae* of which there are three parts. We have taken up the labor of such a summary on account of our great love for these two books. . . . The author of these books is a Latin by

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> birth and so he adheres to the dogma of that church as an inheritance; this is only human. But he is a wise man, and is inferior to none of those who are perfect in wisdom among men. He wrote most especially as a commentator of Aristotelian philosophy, and of the Old and New Testaments. Most of the principal conclusions of both Sacred Theology and philosophy are seen in his books, almost all of which we have studied, both the few which were translated by others into the Greek language, and their Latin originals, some of which we ourselves have translated into our own tongue. . . . In all the aforesaid areas this wise man is most excellent, as the best interpreter and synthesizer in those matters in which his church agrees with ours. In those things wherein that church and he differ from us—they are few in number—namely on the procession of the Holy Spirit and the divine essence and energies, in these not only do we observe the dogma of our fatherland, but we have even fought for it in many books. Our zeal even to the shedding of blood for our dogmas is evident to all men, both friends and enemies, and the whole world is filled with the books we have produced against those who deny them. Glory be to God in all things!

In a later summary of the *Prima secundae* of the *Summa Theologiae*, completed while in retirement at Serres, Gennadios sums up his attitude toward the Angelic Doctor:

> Would O excellent Thomas that you had not been born in the West. Then you would not have needed to defend the deviations of the church there . . . you would have been as perfect in theology as you are in ethics.

Gennadios's Thomism is not a sort of *hapax legomenon* (single occurrence) in Orthodox thought. We are not dealing here with the idiosyncrasy of one thinker. He represents a long-standing late Byzantine tradition of admiration and judicious use of Aquinas's works by theologians and apostles of the first rank. The emperor John VI Joasaph Kantakuzenos was the imperial vindicator of the doctrine of Palamas (the controversy most indicative, for the Orthodox, of the cleavage between Orthodox and Latin thought). The emperor ended his days as a monk of the Charsianeites monastery, which Gennadios was to enter almost a century later. As emperor, he had sponsored the translation of Thomas's *Summa contra gentiles* by Demetrios Kydones, and he used this very translation to refute the latinizing doctrine of Demetrios's own brother Prochoros, who was also a Thomist. Both the *latinophron* and the Palamite zealot appealed to the teaching of Aquinas. Gennadios's two teachers (also monks of the monastery of Charsianeites), Joseph Bryennios and Makarios Makres, whom the Orthodox venerate as blessed, used the writings of St. Thomas in their dialogue treatises against the Muslims, taking arguments verbatim, but without attribution, from the *Summa contra gentiles* in defense of the Incarnation and of consecrated virginity. Bryennios, an anti-unionist missionary in Crete, and Makres were the most vigorous of opponents to union with Rome. In 1964, when the monks of Athos made a proclamation against the ecumenism of Patriarch Athenagoras, they used the words of Bryennios, the accomplished latinist and admirer and student of St. Thomas Aquinas, as the peroration of their ardent declaration against uniatism:

> We will never renounce you, beloved Orthodoxy! We will never betray you O Reverence of the Fathers! We will never abandon you Mother Piety! In you we were born, in you do we live, in you we shall repose. And if the times demand we will die a thousand times for you.

The Christian use of Aristotle, the use of demonstrative argumentation in theology, was practically identical with Orthodox Byzantine theology even (or rather, especially) as practiced by the mystics. When St. Mark of Ephesus reminisces in his deathbed speech to Gennadios—the very one in which he confers on him the onus of leading the fight against the union of Florence—and nostalgically reminds him of the days when he taught him about the different uses of modal propositions in argumentation, he is fully in the line of St. Maximos Confessor and St. Gregory Palamas, with the Kabasilas brothers, Patriarch Photios, St. John Damascene, and the whole of Orthodox tradition. Aquinas was recognized as eminently compatible with this tradition, its use of authority and logical discourse, and so there was every reason for even those most jealous of doctrinal purity to make use of him.

Another set of facts illustrates this point dramatically. At the end of Byzantine history, there was a fierce polemic in which both Orthodox zealots and uniate Roman converts were allied and fervent participants. The Platonic doctrine of Gemistos Plethon, whom Cosimo de Medici had invited to speak in his circle during the time of the council of Florence (and at which conference Gennadios assisted), called for a restoration of paganism. The Thomists among the Greeks, both uniate and Orthodox, attacked what they perceived to be a conspiracy to subvert Christendom by attacking Aristotelian philosophy. Gennadios wrote copiously against the profane Hellenism of Plethon and dedicated his works in defense of Aristotle to his teacher, Mark of Ephesus. After the fall of Constantinople, the uniate George Trapezountios hoped to convert Mehmet II to Christianity and Aristotelianism, and thus see the restored Roman emperor use his power to crush the Platonic conspiracy. In a discourse presented to the sultan while on a mission from Pius II, Trapezountios recommends that he consult Gennadios on these points as a learned and reliable guide.

So why is the difference between the Latin scholastic tradition and the Eastern Orthodox tradition seen today as irreducible, and precisely on account of their Latin-ness or Eastern-ness? Why is it that contemporary Orthodox thinkers as diverse as Meyendorff and Cavarnos insist that the best of Orthodox tradition is inherently unscholastic and Platonic? I will offer only one of several possible reasons, but the one which is the most dangerous to the faith and practice of Catholics and Orthodox alike, namely, the adoption of an anti-scholasticism inspired not by Platonism but by modern ideologies, which imprison the faith in their categories.

The world, whether working in the Church or outside it, is inspired by the "philosophies of suspicion" (as Pope John Paul II calls them) and wants to reduce the faith to some contingent fact of history determined by irreducible elements of race, language, political or economic forces—in other words to one ideology among others—not capable of fulfilling the doctrinal standard of St. Vincent of Lerins *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, or of the First Vatican Council that the dogmas of the faith are held in every age *in eodem sensu et significatu*. For if there is a Byzantine outlook or a Latin one which determines dogma itself, if there is any human criterion which

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is the most formal explanation of the faith and practice of the Church, and not the fact of God revealing the faith "once for all delivered to the saints" (and to which the human mind is able to give its reasonable assent), then the faith is simply one stage in a dialectical progress which leaves it outmoded, and doctrinal differences are simply irreducible antitheses ready to be resolved into a higher synthesis which makes their truth or falsehood irrelevant.

St. Pius X was nothing less than a prophet when he taught at the beginning of this century that scholasticism was the fortress of defense which maintains the integrity of doctrine in the face of modernist historicism, and that there is no clearer sign of the presence of this error than disdain for the traditional use of philosophy in the Church. We must beware. If one is Catholic or Orthodox solely because he is determined by certain cultural, ethnic, and political forces, then when these forces are judged by the mighty of this world, within the Church or without, to have fulfilled their purpose in the movement of perpetual progress (toward universal democratic capitalism, for example), he must obediently give up the faith. What was once a tool in the process becomes its obstacle and so *écraser l'infame* becomes the motto of the lodge, seminar, or cabinet room. This happened to the Gallican French, is happening in the Irish republic and Poland now, as it has happened in Greece, and will happen in Russia, in Serbia, and in Croatia. It also will happen here when the time comes when being a Catholic or Orthodox believer will not be able to be a profession of a "mere Christianity" which protects with its "family values" the rapaciousness of the elite few and so escapes their persecution. In the modern world, nationalist or statist romanticisms, inspiring as they may seem, carry in themselves the seeds of their own undoing.

Gennadios Scholarios was not Orthodox because that religion was the genius and defense of the Greek people, but rather he loved his nation because he was Orthodox, preferring its fall to its defection in its faith. He was Orthodox and so a patriot, because he heeded the injunction of Moses to honor his father and mother and of St. Peter to love the brethren, to fear God, and to honor the emperor. The Croatian and Serb and American must do the same. Countless pious Orthodox and Catholics have died and are dying in our dying century as victims of the arrangements of others who are the enemies of the faith and homeland of any man on any side. During World War I, the Pope of Rome, like a new Judas Maccabeus, took the vigorously supernatural initiative of giving to every Catholic priest the privilege of offering the sacrifice of the Mass twice more than the usual once on All Souls' Day for the repose of all the departed of both sides in the immense conflict. Our century has only confirmed the urgency of his insight. Perhaps that is where we must begin an ecumenism of the anti-ecumenical, simply by praying for the dead. As Lance tells the wavering

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modernist priest in Walker Percy's novel: "So you pray for the dead. You know, something has changed in you."

He who is in the world does not understand, or rather understands and hates such a scene as our little lamentation over Gennadios Scholarios in August 1994. The nuns and I could not both be in the right about the primacy of Rome, but we were united by the truth which was in us, some aspect of it at least, and which was in the life of one man, and which by our prayers stands ready to be revealed at the last day.

In the meantime, though, the thought of St. Thomas is a rich and fruitful source of theological wisdom which I invite the Orthodox to study as belonging to them as surely as it belonged to Gennadios Scholarios, Joseph Bryennios, and Makarios Makres. They will thus show that they understand that our differences are truly dogmatic and divine in origin and not ideological or ethnic, and they will provide themselves with a sure bulwark against the theological modernism which has already devastated the Latin church and has made great inroads in their own.

In order to bear this point out, I offer the Orthodox the same prophecy which Monsignor Romano Guardini addressed to Roman Catholics shortly after World War II in *The End of the Modern World*:

> The cultural deposit preserved by the Church thus far will not be able to endure against the general decay of tradition. Even when it does endure it will be shaken and threatened on all sides. Dogma in its very nature, however, surmounts the march of time because it is rooted in eternity, and we can surmise that the character and conduct of coming Christian life will reveal itself especially through its old dogmatic roots. Christianity will once again need to prove itself as a faith which is not self-evident; it will be forced to distinguish itself more sharply from a dominant non-Christian ethos. At that juncture the theological significance of dogma will begin a fresh advance; similarly will its practical and existential significance increase. *I need not say that I imply no "modernization" here, no weakening of the content and effectiveness of Christian dogma*, rather I emphasize its absoluteness, its unconditional demands and affirmations. These will be accentuated.

In the *Summa contra gentiles*, in chapter 42 of the first book, St. Thomas demonstrates that there is only one God. At the end of the chapter, as is his method, he indicates the errors which the truth expounded contradicts. There he makes the illuminating observation that the truth that there is only one God is not contradicted so much by polytheism as by dualism. The polytheist, he says, usually holds that there is one supreme God from whom the others derive, and with whom He shares His power of wisdom, happiness, and the governance of the world. This manner of speaking is found frequently in Sacred Scripture, Thomas points out, where the holy angels and even men are called gods, since God does in fact share His knowledge, felicity, and power with His creatures. This is indeed the reason why creatures point to the unique existence of God, because they are secondary—but real—causes dependent on the first cause. The dualist holds the greater error: that there are first principles which are irreducible. Later on in chapter 69 of Book III, Aquinas uses an uncustomary severity, characterizing as "ridiculous" the denial of the reality of secondary causality in order to exalt the omnipotence of God. This insight into the importance of secondary causes is the key to an Orthodoxy of the concrete order, and it distinguishes it both from Islam and from Protestantism with their exaggerated monotheism, and from esoteric philosophical ideologies with their relativistic perpetual dialectic of opposites. The sacraments; the liturgy of the Church; the ecclesiastical hierarchy; the veneration of icons and relics; the invocation of the Mother of God, the angels, and saints; and ascetical practices are all secondary causes whereby the divine grace and power of God are bestowed on the faithful. This is why the controversies over the holy images, the sign of the cross, the azymes, and the calendar are not in themselves absurd. The Orthodox Christian is intensely aware of the efficacy of secondary causes in obtaining supernatural goods. The ecumenism of the anti-ecumenical can continue on this level, by exalting the use of holy things, saving them from profanation, and sharing them with each other to the limited—but still considerable—extent that doctrinal fidelity will allow. A popular song sung by the enslaved Orthodox after the fall of Constantinople shows the "ecumenical" power of this Thomistic insight into secondary causality:

> They took the City, they took her: they took Thessalonica:
> They took even Saint Sophia, they took the great monastery,
> which had three hundred semantra and seventy-two bells:
> Every bell had a priest, and every priest a deacon.
> In the Great Church where the holy gifts were revealed, the King of all,
> there came to them a voice from heaven, from the mouth of the angels:
> "Leave off your psalter, put away the holy gifts.
> Send word to the land of the Franks to come and take them:
> Let them come and take the golden cross and the holy gospel,
> and the holy table, lest it be profaned."
> And when Our Lady heard this, the icons wept:
> "Be still dear Mistress, do not weep, do not cry:
> Again with the years, with time, again this place will be yours."

The ultimate overcoming of the schism is an eschatological fact, but still an historical one. It will happen, *nolumus, volumus*, if what we believe is true. The lamenting icons do not lie, not the ones in the Great Church, not even the one I bought on Athos, in spite of its ideological confusion. The use of holy persons, times, places, and things leads us here and now to that Eternal City where the faithful departed of the Old and the New and the Third Rome hope to go, as we remember them. From their place they remind us in the words of the *Purgatorio*:

> *Qui sarai tu poco tempo silvano;*
> *E sarai meco, sanza fine, cive*
> *Di quella Roma onde Cristo è romano.* *

**Here you will be but a little while a dweller*
And then with me you will be a citizen forever
Of that Rome where Christ Himself is Roman.

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That They May Be One

A Protestant View of Church Unity

by Harold O. J. Brown

Anna Mycek Wodecki

On the evening before His crucifixion, Jesus prayed what is known as the Great High Priestly Prayer. It is recorded for us in John 17. In that short chapter, addressing the Father in the presence of His disciples, He prayed four times "that they may be one." This petition extended not merely to those disciples who were present at the Last Supper, but to "them also which shall believe on me through their word" (v. 20), in other words, to all believing Christians.

Does this mean that there is or should be only one united, visible church? Jesus' desire for unity among His followers is clear from this prayer, but taken alone it does not answer the question of the nature and structure of that unity. It is often interpreted as meaning that there should be a single church structure, "one holy, catholic, and apostolic church," as the Nicene Creed puts it, but Jesus does not actually use the word "church," and it is not evident from the text whether the oneness that He has in mind is organizational, spiritual, or both.

What Jesus wants the Church to be is not altogether clear from the Gospel record, because there are only two occasions on which He uses the word. Both examples are found in Matthew (chapters 16 and 18). The first seems to refer to what we often mean by "the Church" in common parlance, namely, a single institution: Jesus did not say "my churches," which would emphasize the significance of individual congregations. In the second passage, however, He does use the word to refer to a local congregation.

A great deal of discussion has arisen about the meaning of the term *ekklesia*; this Greek word did not yet have the specialized meaning "church," but rather "assembly." It is used in secular writing in that sense, often referring to a formally constituted body—and a local one. In secular usage, the *ekklesia* comprises those who are called out, summoned to gather together for official purposes. From the nature of things, an *ekklesia* in this sense is local. This emphasis on the local nature of the *ekklesia* is followed by congregationally inclined groups such as the Plymouth Brethren, who think of the church primarily in terms of local assemblies of believers, and in fact they use the word "assembly," where others would say "church."

From the dual usage of the word *ekklesia* in those two passages, it seems that there are two aspects to the question of the unity of the church: Do the words of Jesus mean that there is to be only one unified organization or institution? When Jesus uses the term in Matthew 16:18, He is not referring merely to some local gathering but to something larger, to what we have come to call the Church Universal. In Matthew 16, Jesus responds to Peter's declaration of faith, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," with the dramatic announcement, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." Clearly this is the vision of the Roman Catholic Church, which traditionally looks upon itself as the church meant by the Nicene Creed. Leaving aside the question of whether this means that the Church was to be built on Peter himself and on his successors, as Roman Catholics interpret the text, or rather upon the faith expressed in Peter's confession, as others see it, it is evident that Jesus is referring to a single structure, i.e., a universal Church.

The second reference, in chapter 18, offers a contrast. It clearly uses "assembly" in a sense that would permit a plurality of assemblies. We hear Jesus telling His followers that when a dispute cannot be resolved after the efforts first of an individual, then of two or three witnesses, "Tell it to the church" (v. 17), clearly referring to a local fellowship.

It is perfectly evident that Jesus desires, even mandates, unity among His followers; what is not evident from the text itself is the nature of this unity, whether it is organizational and visible or spiritual and invisible. In John 17, Jesus repeatedly describes the oneness that He desires for His followers as like that between the Father and Himself; "one as we are" (v. 11). This is unity of a very high degree, but it is obviously a spiritual unity, not an organizational or institutional one. Elsewhere in the New Testament, St. Paul speaks of "the unity of the Spirit," and frequently refers to the Church as the body of Christ, saying,

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"one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all" (Ephesians 4:3-6). This organic imagery does not negate the concept of institutional unity, but it does not appear to require it. What it does stress is an organic, spiritual, existential oneness. Organizational unity is neither a prerequisite nor a guarantee of spiritual unity. Paul's terminology does not exclude institutional unity or organizational structure, but it does not seem to require it.

Several European languages have adopted versions of the Greek word, such as *église* (French) and *iglesia* (Spanish), which can easily suggest a single structure, but do not necessarily do so. The Germanic words *church*, *kirk*, and *Kirche* have drawn upon a different Greek word, *kuriakos*, which means "belonging to the Lord (Christ)." Neither *ekklesia* nor *kuriakos* requires one to think in terms of an organized structure with a unity that is visible to all; both are certainly compatible with the idea of a fellowship that is universal, extending across national boundaries and denominational divisions, but possessing a unity that is spiritual and invisible, not structural and visible.

If one could point to a single Church, such as the Roman Catholic Church, and show that it exhibits true spiritual unity, then the Catholic appeal to "separated brethren" to come "home to Rome" would be more plausible than it is. However, especially since the Second Vatican Council, it has become evident that there is considerable doctrinal, spiritual, and moral disunity within the largest Christian communion, the structural unity and the primacy of the pope notwithstanding. Returning everyone to Rome might merely increase confusion, not establish unity. Evidently, there can be great spiritual unity among traditional believers who belong to different confessions ("historic Christians") and virtually total disunity among those who belong to the same denomination.

A full outward, structural, visible unity among all of the followers of Christ has never existed. There have been disruptions in the outward unity of the Christian Church from the beginning. The most dramatic was the Great Schism that broke the visible unity between Eastern Orthodoxy and Latin Catholicism in A.D. 1054, but there were earlier breaks among Eastern Christians between the Chalcedonians, the monophysites, and the Nestorians.

The prospect of healing this schism between the Eastern and Western churches was virtually ruined by the Fourth Crusade, which conquered Constantinople instead of Jerusalem, dooming the Roman (Byzantine) Empire to eventual conquest by the Muslim Turks and creating a hostility between the Eastern and Western branches of Christendom that has continued in varying degrees up to the present. What remained of an appearance of unity in the West was demolished by the Protestant Reformation, which produced not only two major branches, Lutheran and Reformed, but also saw the rise of several different interpretations of the faith, some that were orthodox and Bible-centered branches, and others that rejected the Trinity and the deity of Christ. It was not Luther's goal to found a new church, but rather to bring the one (Western) church back to a truly evangelical faith and practice. Likewise, Calvin and his followers wanted to reform the whole Church, not to establish a separate Reformed Church. The ultimate outcome of the Reformation was the development of a swarm of competing Christian bodies, some of which continued to adhere to biblical standards and credal orthodoxy while others wandered rather far from both. Memories of persecution by Catholics and to some extent by mainline Protestants make many in the Baptist tradition wary of too intimate a contact even today.

Roman Catholics are numerous enough and widely enough spread around the globe to permit them to think of their own organization as the "catholic" church of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, the visible manifestation of the church that Jesus built and the home to which all Christian believers must resort in order to be "one" as Jesus wished. The Eastern Orthodox also tend to think of their own fellowship as the visible church founded by Christ, and in recent years some Orthodox groups have succeeded in breaking out of their traditional ethnocentricity and attracting converts from other backgrounds, including Protestants and Roman Catholics. Yet the prospect of all Christian believers becoming Orthodox seems even less likely than the thought that all might submit to the papacy.

The 20th century has witnessed the establishment of the ecumenical movement, and one of the motives behind the movements that led to the formation of the World Council of Churches in the aftermath of World War II was the goal of bringing Christ to the non-Christian peoples without confusing them with confessional and denominational quarrels. The Roman Catholic Church did not join the World Council, but in the 1960's the influence of Pope John XXIII and the Second Vatican Council led to a recognition of Protestants as "separated brethren" who, it was hoped, would eventually return to Rome. However, while trends to collaboration and unification across denominational lines were growing, a retreat from traditional doctrinal convictions and moral standards was taking place not only in mainline Protestantism but also in Catholicism. Indeed, there is more spiritual unity today among conservatives in the different confessions and denominations than exists within individual denominations. Even Roman Catholicism has largely given up its traditional practice of disciplining heretics with excommunication and tolerates the presence of some highly heterodox teachers. Essentially non-Christian trends exist within both the Catholic Church and the Protestant fellowships, so that both groups have numerous adherents who hardly deserve to be called Christians.

In this century, several different groups of Protestant churches have sought a measure of organizational unity: There have been a number of church mergers and there are ongoing discussions between officials and theologians of different denominations seeking organizational unity. Unfortunately, such discussions more often than not seem to result in a sort of lowest common denominator religion, involving the abandonment not only of the distinctive points of doctrine and practice that divided the denominations but also giving up some of the foundational principles of Christian faith and morals.

Consequently, a traditional, believing, or conservative Protestant will probably say that the only unity that can be achieved in the present spiritual climate is a spiritual unity, one that can be perceived by believers in different confessions and denominations. The late Georges Florovosky, a rather evangelical Orthodox priest, used to say, "The Christian is never a stranger where our blessed Lord is loved and worshiped." This is not merely a unity *faute de mieux*, because of lack of anything better, but may truly exemplify what Jesus meant when He prayed, "One, even as we are one."

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Preaching to a Strange Nation

Western Evangelism and Russia

by Wayne Allensworth

"Receive me, then, O Lord and lover of Mankind, even as the harlot, as the robber, as the publican, as the prodigal . . ."

—The Prayer of St. Basil the Great

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Law on Religion passed this year by the Russian State Duma restricts the activities of "non-traditional" religions (Russian Orthodoxy, Judaism, Islam, and Catholicism were accorded "traditional" status), requiring a religious group to have been active in Russia for 15 years before acquiring certain legal rights, such as the right to own property. The law breezed through the Duma and was signed by Yeltsin. It is true that the Russians attempted to portray the law as an attempt to curtail the activities of dangerous "cults," but everybody knew that the real target was Western Protestant evangelizing. The law's proponents were effectively able to turn the vote into a public test of loyalty: One is either "for" or "against" Russia. The vote could be couched in such terms because the Russian Orthodox Church is to many Russians an indispensable part of the landscape of their homeland and a determinate factor in Russian identity. The familiar onion domes and icons are a warming, soothing element of the Russian lands, like birch trees and the interminable steppe. (Imagine the sensations, sensory and psychological, evoked in many Americans by an image of the tall, narrow spires of whitewashed Protestant churches, surrounded by a canopy of oak trees, alongside streams traversed by wooden bridges which lead to the brick paved streets of the old, Main Street America—an image that says "home.") Many Orthodox churches were defiled under the communists and lay in ruins for decades. They are just now beginning to be restored.

This imagery is especially evocative of the strong patriotic emotions in the post-communist period, when both the Church and the Russian nation, persecuted by the old regime, are reviving themselves. The distrust of foreign missionaries is not merely an expression of irrational xenophobia or residual Soviet political reflexes, but rather is rooted in a sense that the West wishes Russia ill. Since the Great Schism, Russia and the West have competed: first for the role of leader of Christendom, then, when the old faith withered, for the messianic role of secular savior of an imperfect world.

More to the point, however, is the recent past. Russia has imploded and been torn apart internally by nationalist-religious conflict (the war in Chechnya was clearly a war against Russia and Russians living there and was driven, in part, by militant Islam); NATO, ignoring the collapse of the Warsaw Pact, is expanding, nearing Russia's borders; international financial institutions are attempting (admittedly, in exchange for money readily taken by the central government) to dictate economic policy to the Russians, who are now buried in the rubble of a collapse many blame, at least partly, on the machinations of the likes of George Soros and Geoffrey Sachs. Russian bookstores, movie theaters, and TV programs are flooded with pornography (both sexual and violent), hard rock music, and the hucksterism of consumerist advertising, all of which either originate in the West or are inspired by Western practices. Simultaneously, cults (the Moonies and worse) are making inroads among younger people, and foreign missionaries, loaded with cash by Russian standards, are competing for the souls of Russians with the Orthodox Church, which is itself attempting an internal rejuvenation as it grapples with its stained past under the Soviets. Catholics are embroiled with both the Russian and Ukrainian Orthodox Churches over control of certain church buildings in western Ukraine where uniate congregations are now gathering. Protestantism, on the other hand, associated with consumerist capitalism (in Western as well as in Russian eyes), is viewed by many Russians as the sure path to radical in-

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dividualism and further social decay.

Against this background, it is hardly surprising that the Law on Religion was passed, even though many of the Duma deputies who voted for it had doubts about certain aspects of the legislation, fearing that the law could once again turn the Orthodox Church into an arm of the state. The present patriarch, Aleksey, is probably the best that could be hoped for under the circumstances. Having disavowed any intention of making Orthodoxy the state religion, he is attempting to combat statist forces within the Church and has repented of past cooperation with the authorities. Moreover, Aleksey backed Yeltsin in the 1991 standoff with the coup plotters and attempted to mediate during the 1993 confrontation between Yeltsin and the Supreme Soviet. Aleksey appears a reasonable and tolerant man, but he has had to resist—as did Yeltsin and the Duma—the hypocritical interference of the West (the United States in particular) in Russian internal affairs: The U.S. grants Christian-persecuting China, which traffics in human body parts and forces women to have abortions, Most Favored Nation status, says nothing about harsh restrictions on Christian evangelists in Israel, and defends Saudi Arabia, a country that also suppresses Christianity. Germany legally blocks cults like Scientology and forces taxpayers to subsidize officially recognized churches; Spain, among others, grants the Catholic Church special status. Nevertheless, the United States and its allies have responded to the Law on Religion by threatening Russia with economic and political sanctions if she does not shape up—often after prompting from Protestant groups who are eager to claim Russia's lost souls for their own. Aleksey may be flexible enough to accept a generous interpretation of the law at some point, but he can hardly be blamed for pursuing what appears to be a moderate—by world standards—policy of religious protectionism.

We ask that the Russians exercise tolerance and patience; we should ask no less of ourselves. We outsiders should attempt to see things as they see them. The Russian Orthodox Church has suffered much since 1917, and those who called themselves believers during the Soviet period, mostly Orthodox Christians, are among the most devout believers I have ever known. Some respect is due from our side, especially from Western Protestants, a respect Russians do not feel they are receiving. A Baptist acquaintance once asked me what religion the Russians were. When I replied "Orthodox," she asked, "Is that Christian?" Another once flatly asserted that all Russians are atheists. Many see Russia as a blank (read: heathen) slate that enlightened Western evangelists can exploit. Combating such ignorance is a full-time job in the Age of Oprah, but if Christians, assailed by the forces of secular humanism on one side and militant Islam on the other, are to survive—much less overcome—their enemies' attacks, a measured ecumenism, with respect for doctrinal differences and a recognition that the work of the Lord can be done in any orthodox Christian setting, is a necessity.

A visit to an Orthodox church is not a bad place to start for those whose vocabulary does not (yet?) include the word "Christendom." On any Sunday morning in Moscow, for instance, a Western guest at the pre-revolutionary National Hotel across from the Kremlin can exit the restored splendor of the old hotel (where once Lenin himself stayed), turn to his right and immediately catch sight of the golden dome of the resurrected—the church had been demolished under Stalin—Cathedral of Christ the Savior, some distance from the old center of the medieval czarist empire on the heights of the Moscow River. As he nears the gray walls of the reconstructed church, the modern world gradually melts away. The sidewalks and empty streets are occupied by strange people, the inhabitants of Dostoyevsky's "strange nation," priests with flowing black beards and long black cassocks, old women cloaked in the brightly colored scarves characteristic of the busybody *babushky* ("grandmothers") who really run Russia, and a surprising number, considering the atheist past many were raised in, of young people. Inside, the worshippers gather in a large, circular enclosure, where a choir sings to the Almighty in glorious voice and an old woman sells candles for a pittance. The worshippers, candles in hand, stand throughout the liturgy, which is chanted by a priest in richly colored garb. The scene is so moving, even sublime, that the visitor may feel compelled to offer a little money toward the church's completion in one of the boxes in the foyer, resplendent with drawings of the cathedral as envisioned in its full, glorious reincarnation.

Both the liturgy and the church are a far cry from the relatively austere Protestant services many Americans were raised with, and even Catholics may wonder if they have just had a glimpse into their own past, into the Age of Faith, when Christianity was an integral part of the daily lives of ordinary people. The Russians—despite the fact that the number who are self-identified believers will never match that of Americans—are an almost medieval people by comparison with Westerners, closer in some ways to the Islamic militants of the Caucasus than to the godless Lutherans and Anglicans who preach self-help in liberal congregations from Bonn to Cornwall to Portland. The reason for this phenomenon—the survival of at least a hint of the Russians as a "strange," spiritually haunted nation—are elusive. The philosopher-polemicist and lay theologian Nikolay Belyayev viewed the Russians as a nation marked by a highly developed messianic streak; for Belyayev, the Bolshevik Revolution and the communist version of the "Russian Idea" were but manifestations of the messianic impulse gone astray. Perhaps the vacuum left by the "god that failed" is being filled once more by Orthodoxy. Whatever the reason, many Russians seem more rooted somehow than Westerners, perhaps more willing to contemplate the tragic fate of the "god" that has failed both them and us: modernity itself.

I claim no special expertise in theology and cannot rationalize away what are, for serious Christians, important doctrinal disputes among Protestants, Catholics, and Orthodox. Nevertheless, if an ounce of Christian charity can be mustered among thinking believers of all the Christian confessions, then some doubts about our ability to judge the complexities of the created world and of Christians coping with its fallen state are in order. Perhaps Russian believers, with their emphasis on—no, expectation of, perhaps even longing for—suffering and their universalist bent, the hope of many of them for the universal salvation of a universally depraved mankind, can teach us as much as we can teach them. If we view each Christian confession as one side of a many-sided prism through which the Holy Ghost shines and God's light reaches the world, each confession developing and reflecting a particular aspect of revelation as the Word of God encounters human experience in various times and places, then perhaps the much desired mutual respect among the confessions can become a reality.

The Western Christian should follow up his visit to an Orthodox church with a cultural sojourn to the strange nation of

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Russian Orthodoxy. From the icon painting of Andrei Rublev to church architecture, both wooden and stone, to the literature of Dostoyevsky and Solzhenitsyn, the Russian Orthodox have attempted to reflect the divine, to reach sublime heights of spiritual ecstasy, and to plumb the mysteries of man's relationship with God. Indeed, the grand themes of the best of Russian literature are sin, suffering, repentance, redemption, and resurrection.

In *Crime and Punishment*, Dostoyevsky's Ahab figure, Raskolnikov, is tortured by all the internal demons that can haunt the proud sons of Adam, including the need "to embrace suffering," his strange desire to be found out in his crime, and his guilt, so unbecoming a proto-superman to whom all things are allowed. The investigator Porfiry Petrovich confronts Raskolnikov with the bizarre confession of Mikolka, a tradesman who is prepared to confess to a murder he did not commit—and to take Raskolnikov's guilt upon himself. Mikolka is a "runner," a member of a particularly irreconcilable sect of Orthodox *raskolniky* (schismatics; Raskolnikov himself is a schismatic of the spirit, hence his name). Porfiry Petrovich plays on Raskolnikov's guilt, magnified by the overtones in Mikolka's confession of an innocent bearing the suffering of sinners and thereby securing the salvation of the fallen: "Won't you allow," intones Porfiry, "that such a nation as ours produces fantastic people?" Securing his own salvation (from his internal weakness) by rebellious actions (in this case, the murder of a pawnbroker) is but one of Raskolnikov's "bookish dreams." Porfiry Petrovich tells the heir of Cain—and all men—that "I regard you as one of those men who could have their guts cut out, and would stand and look at his torturers with a smile—provided he has found faith, or God. Well, go and find it, and you will live." Sonya, whom Raskolnikov loves, reads him the Gospel story (frequently alluded to in *Crime and Punishment*) of the raising of Lazarus, thus foreshadowing his eventual salvation.

According to Dostoyevsky, this view of mankind as murderers all—and of offering sacrifices for the redemption of others—was not his own invention, but merely a literary reflection of a prevalent Russian cultural artifact, the giving of alms to condemned prisoners. In his semi-fictional account of his own prison experience, *Notes From the House of the Dead*, Dostoyevsky wrote that the "common people" called the prisoners "unfortunates," implying that the prisoners had done nothing more than what the common people had done many times in their hearts. (It is worth noting that the plot of *Crime and Punishment* suggested itself to the great writer as the thought of murdering a pawnbroker, from whom Dostoyevsky wished to redeem an item pawned to pay off a gambling debt, crossed his own mind.) The prisoners benefit greatly, perhaps spiritually as well as materially, from the alms given by common believers:

> The little girl came rushing after me. . . . "Here unfortunate, take a kopeck in the name of Christ!" she cried, running out ahead of me and pressing the coin in my hand. I took her quarter kopeck, and the girl returned to her mother thoroughly satisfied. I kept that quarter kopeck for a long time.

The author's alter ego reflects on this attitude:

> There are bad people everywhere, but among the bad there are some good ones. . . . Who knows? Perhaps these people [his fellow prisoners] are in no way worse than those outsiders, those people outside the prison. I thought this and shook my head at the notion; but—God in Heaven—if only I had known then to what extent it was true!

Dostoyevsky developed this notion fully and tied it to Russian universalism in his masterpiece, *The Brothers Karamazov*. In the parable of the onion, which he first heard from an old peasant woman, Dostoyevsky hints at the possibility of mankind's universal salvation—and of the slim chance that this hope will be realized.

> Once upon a time there was a woman, and she was as wicked as wicked could be, and she died. And not one good deed was left behind her. The devils took her and threw her into the lake of fire. And her guardian angel stood thinking: what good deed of hers can I remember to tell God? Then he remembered and said to God: once she pulled up an onion and gave it to a beggar woman. And God answered: now take that same onion, hold it out to her in the lake, she can go to paradise, but if the onion breaks, she can stay where she is. The angel ran to the woman and held out the onion to her: here, woman, he said, take hold of it and I'll pull. And he began pulling carefully, and had almost pulled her all the way out, when other sinners in the lake saw her being pulled out and all began holding on to her so as to be pulled out with her. But the woman was wicked as wicked could be, and she began to kick them with her feet: "It's me who's getting pulled out, not you; it's my onion, not yours." No sooner did she say it than the onion broke. And the woman fell back into the lake and is burning there to this day. And the angel wept and went away.

Taking into consideration the turbulent history of the Russians and their folk wisdom, which embraces a Christian worldview, one may ask aspiring evangelists: Just what we can teach a civilization that has seen so much of suffering, yet has produced such exalted visions of the relationship between God and mankind, and of the fallen—yet salvageable through Christ—nature of all people? Russia has been a more profoundly Christian nation than our own for a much longer period of time. For those who see the Russian Orthodox as heretics, remember the words of the Savior in John 12:32: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." What else can Lutherans teach Russians—who have lost tens of millions to war and tyranny—about the depravity of man? Catholics need not lecture them on good works. Baptists can save their breath on the boundless—and unearned—grace of God. In short, there is no nation that collectively can top the Russians in either its expectations of calamity and sin or its hope and faith that salvation is available. The Bible was translated into Russian (it had previously been available only in Old Church Slavonic) in the 19th century and is no longer forbidden fruit for Russians. Our prayers and our support, both moral and material, for Russian believers and their efforts to make Russia once more a Christian nation are in order, but beyond that, patience and understanding, not hectoring and lecturing, are called for.

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The British Were Coming!

by Justin Raimondo

"Oh, that deceit should steal such subtle shapes
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile."
—William Shakespeare

Desperate Deception: British Covert Operations in the United States, 1939-44
by Thomas E. Mahl
Washington: Brassey's; 256 pp., $26.95

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In the midst of his battle to save our old Republic and keep the United States out of World War II, John T. Flynn wondered about the true identity of his enemies. As a leader of the anti-interventionist America First Committee and its outstanding strategist and spokesman in New York City, he had plenty of them. In New York, America First was besieged by a campaign of organized disruption, including infiltration, provocations, pickets, and violence. Flynn sensed a pattern in these attacks, a unifying intelligence, and after the war came to believe that these assaults were not "sporadic or casual" but instead "originated in some central or unified group." Flynn tried in vain to get Congress to investigate, but the post-war rout of the congressional isolationists forced him to launch his own inquiry. The result, as he put it in 1944, was the discovery of "an organization whose name was never mentioned but which . . . sat more or less at the center of this web of propaganda, intrigue and calumniation."

Now the evidence is in, and it turns out that Flynn was right. At the center of the web was the British Security Coordination (BSC), the American arm of British intelligence, and it was charged with coordinating a British fifth column in this country.

Justin Raimondo writes from San Francisco.

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The story of British intelligence operations in America during the crucial pre-war years is a saga of psychological warfare, black propaganda, and Byzantine intrigue at the highest levels of the U.S. government—a gripping tale more fantastic than any fictional thriller. While William Stevenson's 1976 book, *A Man Called Intrepid: The Secret War*, gave us a glimpse of the truth, not until *Desperate Deception* has anyone revealed the extent to which the U.S. was dragooned into World War II by agents of a foreign power. In piecing together the story of how British spooks, working in tandem with FDR and other American Anglophiles, sought to "involve the United States in World War II and destroy isolationism," Thomas Mahl encountered two major problems: first, the refusal of the U.S. and British governments to release the relevant documents, which are still "classified" in the name of "national security"; and second, "the fact that until recently, the study of the intelligence history of World War II has lacked respectability." As Mahl puts it, "The conventional charge is that it smacks too much of *conspiracy*." The author throws his hands up in despair: "How does the historian avoid the charge that he is indulging in conspiracy history when he explores the activities of a thousand people, occupying two floors of Rockefeller Center, in their efforts to involve the United States in a major war?"

Covert intelligence operations are by their nature conspiratorial, and, in any event, there is no need to answer this spurious charge. Mahl's carefully documented chronicle of British interference in American elections, orchestrated smear campaigns against anti-interventionists, and the planting of "agents of influence" in the beds of American politicians is not just an "intelligence history" of how the United States got into World War II: It is the true history of that calamity.

The story of the BSC is wrapped up in the person of its chief, William Stephenson, known today by his New York cable address, "Intrepid." In 1940, Stephenson, a millionaire businessman with a wide variety of business and political connections, was sent to the United States to head up the BSC, where he took over the 38th floor of the International Building in Rockefeller Center, which the Rockefellers had generously donated. The British Press Service and the pro-war "Fight for Freedom" group were in the same building, also rent-free.

One BSC recruit, Bickham Sweet Escott, describes his interview: "For security reasons," he was told, "I can't tell you

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what sort of job it would be. All I can say is that if you join us, you mustn't be afraid of forgery, and you mustn't be afraid of murder." Ernest Cuneo, the lawyer and Roosevelt administration insider who served as liaison between BSC, the White House, and various U.S. government agencies, relates in a recently declassified memo how the BSC operated:

> It ran espionage agents, tampered with the mails, tapped telephones, smuggled propaganda into the country, disrupted public gatherings, covertly subsidized newspapers, radios, and organizations, perpetrated forgeries, . . . violated the aliens registration act, shanghaied sailors numerous times, and possibly murdered one or more persons in this country.

Cuneo's papers reveal several of the most active interventionist organizations as "formed and acquired" by Stephenson's underground apparatus, including the Fight for Freedom Committee, which advocated an immediate declaration of war against Germany and Japan, and the "Friends of Democracy," an anti-isolationist spy and "research" organization that specialized in the art of the smear. The most prominent British front was the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, chaired by William Allen White. These fronts were instruments of the Anglophile propaganda campaign in favor of a peacetime draft, the Destroyer deal, and Lend-Lease. They were especially key in blocking the isolationists in the Republican Party, making certain that in the 1940 presidential elections the American people would have a "choice" between two interventionists.

Mahl presents irrefutable evidence that Cuneo (codename: "Crusader") wrote many of Walter Winchell's columns and had close ties to Drew Pearson. The BSC also had its tentacles in Hollywood and among the literary set; a key document names Dorothy Thompson, journalist Edmond Taylor, movie mogul Alexander Korda, co-founder and president of the Viking Press Harold Guinzburg, playwright and presidential speechwriter Robert Sherwood, and mystery writer Rex Stout as dedicated agents.

Documents cited by Mahl reveal the names of top British agents in journalism, including George Backer, publisher of the *New York Post*; Helen Ogden Reid, the *de facto* publisher of the *New York Herald Tribune*; Paul Patterson, publisher of the *Baltimore Sun*; A.H. Sulzberger, president of the *New York Times*; Walter Lippmann; Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the leftist tabloid *PM*; and Ingersoll's boss, *Chicago Sun* publisher Marshall Field. The Overseas News Agency, which reached millions of readers, was a wholly owned subsidiary of the Brits. Besides using its journalistic assets to browbeat the American people into war, the BSC sought to undermine and, if possible, destroy those remaining sources of news that could be neither bought nor bullied. Public enemy number one, in their view, was Colonel Robert R. McCormick, whose *Chicago Tribune* was the flagship newspaper and voice of the Old Right. The BSC's Sandy Griffith set Albert Parry of Chicago's Fight for Freedom chapter on a "We Don't Read the Tribune" campaign that culminated in a rally and bonfire of freshly printed newspapers.

While the public stance of the British and their fifth column was "aid short of war," the BSC agitated for a peacetime draft. A key aspect of their campaign was the manufacturing of phony public opinion polls purporting to show overwhelming popular support for conscription. Mahl unmasks the pollsters, showing that surveys conducted by Gallup, Roper, and Market Analysts "were all done under the influence of dedicated interventionists and British intelligence agents." An even nastier intrusion into the American political process was the BSC operation against Representative Hamilton Fish (R-NY), the feisty isolationist from FDR's home district. Mahl documents the involvement in the election campaign of BSC agents who masterminded newspaper ads linking Fish to Hitler, Ribbentrop, and Fritz Kuhn of the German-American Bund. In a memo after the 1940 election, agent Griffith maps out a strategy of hectoring, harassment, and October surprises. "There were other harsh suggestions made by agent Griffith," writes Mahl, "and most of them happened to Fish over the next four years as his political career lurched from one disaster to another."

Of all the operations conducted by British intelligence in this country, none had a more long-range effect than the turning of Senator Arthur Vandenberg. The Michigan Republican was a staunch isolationist in the late 1930's, when he co-sponsored the resolution establishing the famous Nye Committee hearings on the political influence of the munitions industry. Many historians have remarked on the abruptness of his reversal in the mid-40's, when he suddenly signed on to the whole panoply of post-war globalist nostrums, including the U.N. and NATO. How does one explain the defection of the man who was considered the leader of the Senate Republicans and a possible GOP presidential candidate in 1940? Internationalists have naturally attributed it to Vandenberg's growing "maturity." Mahl puts the Senator's conversion in a new light: "British intelligence operations on Senator Arthur Vandenberg were based on a very simple human assumption—those who are sleeping with a senator are most likely to have his ear."

Mahl documents Vandenberg's romantic attachments to three women with strong ties to British intelligence. In 1940, all Washington knew he was having an affair with Mitzi Sims, wife of British attaché Harold Sims, a monied British aristocrat who ran the code room at the embassy. The glamorous Mitzi, an international jet-setter before the advent of jets, was just the sort of cosmopolitan vamp to enamor the vainglorious Vandenberg, who once said: "I had no youth. I went to work when I was nine, and I never got a chance to enjoy myself until I came to the Senate."

The Senator had such a good time that, at one point, his wife returned to their Grand Rapids home because the randy Vandenberg had practically moved Mitzi into their Washington flat. Harold Sims proved far more tolerant of his mate's infidelity. While Washington tittered over the scandal, the Senator continued his close friendship with the Simses until May 1940, when Harold Sims died of a stroke. Vandenberg took charge of the funeral arrangements, and shortly afterward Mitzi departed for Montreal. Mitzi made a dramatic reappearance, however, just as the crucial vote on the Lend-Lease Act was coming before the Senate. Another *femme fatale* appeared on the scene at this time. Betty Thorpe, the elegant spouse of a worldly British diplomat, was sent to Washington from Buenos Aires to catch the senator's eye. Mrs. Thorpe was no ordinary housewife but the famous British

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Mata Hari known by her *nom d'espionage*, "Cynthia." In her biography of Cynthia, *Cast No Shadow*, Mary Lovell relates that both Vandenberg and Senator Connally were targeted for seduction; while Connally told Cynthia, "You're wasting your time, my dear," Vandenberg was easier prey.

Yet another of Vandenberg's BSC romances was with Eveline Paterson, a charming, statuesque blonde and a professional publicist for the cause of Great Britain: *Chicago Tribune* Washington bureau chief Walter Trohan, the FBI, and Drew Pearson all had her correctly pegged as a British intelligence operative. As an "agent of influence," Eveline's success can be measured by the senator's 1946 vote for loans to Britain and legislation forgiving British war debts. Mrs. Paterson's scrapbook contains a number of Vandenberg items, among them an article from the April 30, 1945, issue of *Time*, which featured the senator's picture on the cover. The article praised him in his new role as chief of the Republican internationalists. The Office of Naval Intelligence also kept a file on Vandenberg's dalliances with foreign agents. In his memoirs, Walter Trohan relates how, at the 1948 Republican convention, where Vandenberg was a major contender for the nomination, Joseph Pew, head of the Sun Oil Company and a heavyweight contributor to party coffers, somehow got his hands on a copy of the ONI file. Pew threatened to take to the floor and read aloud the sordid details of Vandenberg's betrayal.

Too bad Pew was dissuaded from doing so. If only he had revealed the lascivious details of Vandenberg's treason: Such a bombshell might have blown the cover of the fifth columnists in our midst, and exposed the truth about the internationalist Republicans. If Pew had taken to the microphone, Wendell Willkie might have remained in the obscurity from which he was plucked.

How an unknown lawyer for J.P. Morgan & Co., without having held any previous political office, and without even being a registered Republican, could come to be the GOP presidential nominee is a mystery pondered long and often by conservative commentators over the years. In her classic book *A Choice, Not an Echo*, Phyllis Schlafly attributes Willkie's nomination to the decision of the "secret kingmakers" and mentions the influential role played by Lord Lothian, the British ambassador, and Thomas W. Lamont, the chief enforcer of Morgan interests. With the *New York Herald Tribune* as his house organ, and Wall Street putting heavy pressure on the delegates, the dark horse Willkie stampeded the isolationist conservatives before they knew what hit them. Mahl shows that the "secret kingmakers" were nothing so vague as the "Eastern Establishment," and he amasses considerable evidence that British intelligence was directly involved. Apart from re-electing FDR, the BSC was working to ensure congressional approval of conscription and of a deal giving the British a part of the American fleet. These were the "secret kingmakers," or, as Schlafly calls them, the "hidden persuaders," who reached into the bag of dirty tricks—possibly including murder, as Mahl tantalizingly speculates—all too familiar to students of intelligence history.

It is not an unusual view that identifies the Roosevelt administration, an Anglophilic elite, and the Rockefeller-Morgan financial interests as the three groups whose agitation eventually dragged a reluctant nation into World War II. Mahl's great contribution is to identify the BSC as the puppet-master behind American interventionism. What the author of this invaluable volume calls "intelligence history" has not been considered "respectable" precisely because it penetrates the propagandistic pieties promulgated by the court historians and exposes the ruthlessness and utter immorality of ruling elites. This is not "intelligence history," but real history without illusions, if not without regrets. C

A House in Milo

by Robert Beum

1

Cherry and maple
carved from the sun and climbing
in the time of hands—

we woke there climbing
into the past still morning
cherry and maple,

a child's play of years
in rooms above everything
too low for morning.

2

Cherry and maple
turret and gable children
ask about who carved,

grow into the hands
that could hold such morning, wear
into stories, fall

to those fresh ruins
another sun to wake to,
all finders keepers.

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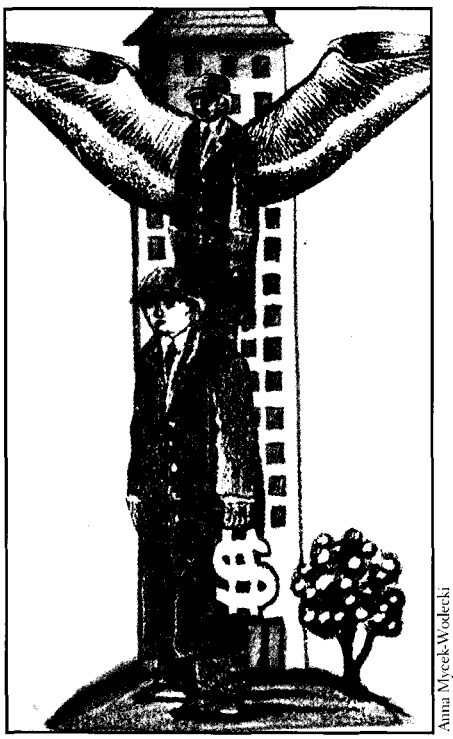
A Theory of Fairness

by David Gordon

"Mine is better than ours."
—Benjamin Franklin



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Noblest Triumph: Property and Prosperity Through the Ages
by Tom Bethell
New York: St. Martin's Press;
378 pp., $29.95

◆

Tom Bethell, here as often before, uses sturdy common sense to challenge experts in their own field. In a controversial article many years ago, he dared to suggest that evolutionary biologists have exaggerated the evidence for Darwinism. Though roundly criticized by supporters of orthodoxy, Mr. Bethell manifested an uncanny ability to ask disconcerting questions.

That ability is continually on display in *The Noblest Triumph*. Here, he indicts economists because they have failed to set forth in detail an answer to what should be a basic question of their discipline: Under what institutions will a society prosper? Since the days of Adam Smith, economists have neglected to analyze property rights, which are, in Mr. Bethell's view, the key to economic success. Classical economists such as David Ricardo continued Smith's policy of taking property rights for granted, and with John Stuart Mill, the last of the classics, things got worse. Mill often criticized private property and seemed to look forward to the onset of socialism, although Mill's ambiguous prose mirrored his dithering on the issue. Of course, Karl Marx said a great deal about property; but his fervent denunciations contributed little to understanding. The Austrian school, including Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich Hayek, stands out as an exception to Mr. Bethell's catalogue of neglect of property, while in recent years, public choice economists have written with illumination on the topic. But in large part the record of the economics profession in discussing property is blank.

This is surprising, since, Mr. Bethell holds, the case for private property is easily made. To grasp the role of private property, an essential truth must be kept in mind. Human beings have a fixed nature, which governments thwart at their peril.

> At the time of the French Revolution, or shortly before it, something new arose. What might be called the Future Perfect began to replace nostalgia for the past. . . . A greater human perfection was to be expected in the future. . . . The great error of Enlightenment thinkers and of more recent philosophers was to imagine that human transformation would be a straightforward business. But human nature proved more intractable . . . than was imagined.

Very well, then: human nature is not so malleable as Bernard Shaw and the Webbs held. Few today would deny this, but how does the fact of a fixed human nature suffice to make the case for property? In Mr. Bethell's view, the argument is simple. People tend to place their own well-being, and that of their families, above a murky "common good" defined by the state. Thus, if property is made collective, disaster will quickly follow. Under a system without private property, an individual has little incentive to conserve resources. Instead, he will seize as much as he can for his immediate benefit; if he does not, others will quickly step into the gap. Moreover, only a regime that mandates individual property rights can avoid what Garrett Hardin has memorably called the "tragedy of the commons." With secure property rights, an owner will not scuttle his long-term gains through indiscriminate exploitation of land. Instead, he will endeavor to maintain his property since it is as an economic asset.

But is not this argument simply an instance of the ancient fallacy, that human beings are narrowly selfish, unmotivated by the good of others? In the guise of a

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defense of human nature, has not Mr. Bethell attempted to foist on us that discredited construct, *homo economicus*?

Mr. Bethell readily turns this objection aside. Let us suppose that someone did limit his own use of commonly held land, hoping thereby to aid conservation. He would fail utterly in his purpose. He would merely provide those more self-interested than himself with more land to exploit. The main point is incontestable, and Mr. Bethell ably illustrates his case with many historical examples. These include Plymouth Plantation, where Governor Bradford quickly learned that a community without private property in land was "afflicted by an unwillingness to work," and the New Harmony utopian socialist colony founded by Robert Owen. Mr. Bethell duly notes that the fortune of that sainted philanthropist rested in part on child labor.

But on one point I must issue a caution. We know, as Mr. Bethell has ably argued, that common property is inefficient. No general argument shows how inefficient it must be when compared with a system of individual property rights: This we must discern from examination of the individual case. Thus, when Mr. Bethell, with a brilliant suggestion, ascribes Irish poverty in the 19th century to the uncertain tenure of land, it does not at once follow from the "tragedy of the commons" argument that he is right. A system of firmly embedded property rights would have led to more efficient land use than the radically uncertain settlement in place there, but how much good such a system would have caused remains a subject for further research. If Mr. Bethell has not fully proved his case on Irish poverty, though, he has immensely aided the discussion through his hypothesis.

A further problem confronts any society that attempts to do away with private productive property altogether—the famous economic calculation argument advanced by Mises and Hayek. Absent a capitalist market, a centralized economy has no means of deciding how to allocate resources. Engineering calculations alone will not tell the planner whether it is a good idea to construct a bridge with platinum. How can he make the decisions needed to assign economic goods to their best uses? Readers should note that this differs from the "tragedy of the commons." The latter argument involves incentives; the calculation argument does not. Even people totally devoted to the common good would, in a centrally directed economy, confront the calculation problem.

Mr. Bethell locates another difficulty for any regime foolish enough to strike against private property comprehensively.

> [T]here was a more fundamental problem. The workers were reduced to a state of servitude and had no particular reason to work hard. In being compelled to carry out someone else's plan, they were prevented from carrying out their own.

Mr. Bethell, apparently, cannot for long stay away from incentives, and with good reason—the issue is crucial. As he notes, this argument received its classic statement in Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*, but he also suggests that Hayek took over and developed his case from Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society*. How remarkable that the Great Pundit managed for once in his long career to get something right!

The case for private property goes beyond incentives and efficiency. More broadly, Bethell claims that justice itself demands individual property. He rejects the view of justice as egalitarian fairness, famously advanced by John Rawls in *A Theory of Justice* (1971), and resolutely adheres to the classical view of Aristotle and Aquinas, who thought that justice gives each person what is his due. Each person in an economy based on private property receives the results of his own abilities and character.

> The industrious will reap the benefits of their industry, the frugal the consequences of their frugality: the improvident and the profligate likewise. They receive their due, which is to say they experience justice as a matter of routine. *Private property institutionalizes justice.* This is its great virtue, perhaps dwarfing all others.

Mr. Bethell dismisses with appropriate scorn Rawls' contention that abilities, since they arise from the "genetic lottery," are collective assets best placed under control of the welfare state. In one respect, though, he pushes his argument too far. He suggests that, contrary to its critics, a market system minimizes selfish behavior. "A selfish person is one who takes an unfairly large share of some common good, thereby leaving unfairly small shares for everyone else." Situations that lack well-defined property rights render selfish behavior possible.

The argument is ingenious, and it suffices to explain many cases of selfishness—but by no means all. Would not a person who assiduously seeks gifts and favors from others, but never acts generously save under compulsion, be considered selfish? And yet no problem of collective goods need be involved in this case.

The argument for private property has many implications for contemporary policy. Mr. Bethell suggests that our high-minded Masters of Wisdom in Washington have made a fetish of democracy. A Western-style political system can function only in a reasonably prosperous society, and this requires private property. A regime that moves toward a free market may have much to recommend it, even if it ranks abysmally on the index of the Americans for Democratic Action. Mr. Bethell's point needs to be taken to heart by self-styled conservatives anxious to embroil the United States in a conflict with China that could only serve further to collectivize both countries.

A few details in the book can be challenged. Wesley Hohfeld's definition of rights has nothing to do with Hegel's philosophy: Mr. Bethell has not grasped the quite simple logic of that influential system of legal categories. To call Frederic Maitland one of those who wrote "at a time when centralism was admired across the board" oversimplifies matters. Maitland (a great legal historian) was greatly influenced by the concept of pluralism, a decidedly anti-centralist trend of thought. To support his incontestably true point that socialism leads to dictatorship over workers, Mr. Bethell frequently refers to a spurious passage from Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed*. Some years ago, I quoted the same passage and was properly taken to task by Mr. Williamson Evers of the Hoover Institution.

But these are only minor points. Mr. Bethell has written a clear, cogent book that both sums up and advances our knowledge of property. In learning and suggestiveness, *The Noblest Triumph* is a triumph indeed.

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The Fall and Rise of the House of Hardy

by Thomas Fleming

Our Fathers' Fields: A Southern Story
by James Everett Kibler
Columbia: University of South Carolina Press; 444 pp., $29.95

◆

A noted Southern literary historian once took me to task for wasting time on polemics. The scholar's task, he said, is to search out the facts and make coherent sense of them. In the long run, the truth of history would inevitably correct the fictions of ideology. At the time I was skeptical, and in the succeeding 20 years my skepticism has only increased. No matter what "facts" are laid on the table, most people—most educated people—continue to accept the textbook version of history they learned in high school, whether the subject is Periclean democracy, the character of Richard III, or the American War Between the States. In this fixed race of American discourse, the most common exceptions are not the independent minds who live examined lives, read serious books, and form their own conclusions, but the one-legged eccentrics who, having climbed onto a hobby horse, cannot dismount and must delude themselves into thinking that they are running a race when they are only rocking in place, interpreting Plato's myth of Atlantis as history or giving anyone but Shakespeare the credit for his plays.

Most of what we think we know is propaganda, and if we are lucky we have had our character nourished on wholesome propaganda. George Washington is a more interesting character than the lay figure created by Parson Weems, but it is not bad for children to grow up believing that the Father of Our Country was obsessively honest. Usually, however, it is the ignoble and dishonest propaganda of America-haters that we now learn in school: the lie that Jefferson is known to have carried on with a slave, the lie that Franklin Roosevelt was a brilliant and principled friend of the common man, the lie that Reconstruction was anything other than a brutal and disgraceful episode in our national history. In my experience, the best antidote to evil propaganda is not a more wholesome counter-propaganda (e.g., Paul Johnson's trivializations of world history) but authentic first-hand material. Anyone who has read in good faith William Herndon's memoir of his law-partner and friend Abraham Lincoln can never regard the 16th President as a saint, and any honest reader who spends a few days with James Kibler's *Our Fathers' Fields* will come away with a fresh perspective not only on the South but on American history.

If honesty is to be the theme of this review, I should confess that I have known and respected Jim Kibler for several years and that I regard him as one of the finest living historians of American literature. However, as much as I have admired his work, I never thought him capable of producing such a book as this. In 1989, the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution, Professor Kibler bought the Hardy plantation on the Tyger River in Newberry County, South Carolina. Since then he has spent his time, his energy, and his money on restoring the Big House, replanting the gardens, and burrowing through the Hardy family records. The result is something like a core-sample of the American experience from 1786, when the property passed into the hands of the Hardys of Lunenburg County, Virginia, down to 1973, when Miss (i.e., Miz or Mrs.) Alice Hardy, by then in her 80's, sold the plantation and moved into Union.

To me, Newberry County has always meant a boring section of road between Columbia and Greenville, an area of the state where, as I recall, there was not even one place to eat along the highway. Like many parts of the South, the area is haunted by ghosts that sometimes seem more real than the New South promoters and politicians who now dominate the region. In writing the story of one house and one family, Kibler has played the part of an Odysseus, traveling backwards to find his home; and like Odysseus, who fed the ghosts in the underworld on blood that gave them the power to speak, he has brought before the reader a succession of Hardy ghosts, telling us of their everyday lives: what it was like to farm such a place 150 years ago, the trees they planted and the food they ate, how the men of the family gradually built up their estates, and how the women, black and white, kept the people fed and clothed.

Any social system has its saints and its villains, and the dominant class of the antebellum South can show both sorts. The Hardys, being neither, may be about as exemplary a family as an historian can hope for: Prosperous and successful, they could match neither the power and style of the Low Country rice planters nor the baronial majesty of a Wade Hampton, reputed to be the richest man in America on the eve of the War Between the States. Kibler does not hesitate to point out that, as a community, the Hardy plantation worked in both senses of the word. The white owners were involved, hands-on, in the day-to-day operations of the place, while the black slaves worked hard and were taken care of. It was not Eden, but the testimonies of ex-slaves collected in the 1930's are nostalgic rather than resentful. Kibler quotes at length from the narrative of Feaster of near-by Goshen Hill Plantation. Feaster remembered the good food and good times at Fourth of July barbecues, but he also remembered an abusive overseer who tried to have his way with the women. One day, when he and his brother John were picking berries with their mother and other women, the overseer came up:

> He argued wid both mammy and ol' lady Lucy; and dey kept telling him dat de missus want her berries and dat dey was 'ligious wimmens anyhow and didn't practice no life o' sin and vile wickedness. Finally he got down off'n his hoss and pull out his whip and 'low if dey didn't submit to him he gwine to beat dem half to death.

The boys ran away to watch. The overseer takes off his clothes and lays down the whip, at which point the women "grab him by the goatee and further

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down, and hist him over in de middle of dem blackberry bushes." When they report the attack to their mistress, whose husband is away, she does not hesitate to fire the overseer on the spot. Although the episode illustrates the danger of putting women under the power of a man who is not their husband or father, the story has a happier ending than if it took place in the armed forces or the White House.

If the introductory chapters constitute a social history of the Old South, the chapters dealing with the Hardys' declining fortunes during and after the war read more like a tragic narrative. By 1860, Squire William Eppes Hardy had already lost six of his 12 children. As the storm clouds gathered, he experienced the marriage and departure of his daughter and the deaths of a son and of his own mother. In the course of the war, his nephew Willie Hardy was shot dead at First Manassas, and Kibler records the deaths of son after son of the Hardys' neighbors. In the spring of 1864, the squire's son Haywood died of a prolonged illness he had contracted in Virginia. A younger son, William Dixon Hardy (Captain Dick, as he came to be known), survived the war and presided over the dwindling fortunes and acreage of the family. At the end of the war, the estate, even while it was still intact, was valued at only 15 percent of its former worth—a good measure of what South Carolina suffered as a whole, even in areas that the pyromaniacal Sherman did not succeed in burning.

The post-war cast of characters in the Hardy saga is narrower, and—as happens in so many societies on their last legs—the eccentricities become more marked. Captain Dick Hardy, the war veteran who returns to keep the place going, emerges as an archetype of the defeated South: proud, hard-working, but too honorable to save the sinking ship.

When I spoke with him last summer about *Our Fathers' Fields*, Kibler told me that he regarded his book as a kind of a novel. After reading the first few chapters, I was unable to figure out what he meant. It is not simply the technical discussions of plantation management—*Moby Dick* has thornier passages on the physiology of whales. A novel has to be an integrated narrative with something at the center. By the time I put the book down, I realized that there is a center, and it is the house itself and the family that lived in it. If, as Mel Bradford used to say, Southern fiction is always the story of families, not of individuals, then *Our Fathers' Fields* works not only as a Southern novel but as a full-blown Southern Agrarian novel that takes us from an antebellum Golden Age through the years of conquest and desolation down to the current resurrection. In putting together this book and restoring the house that is at its center, James Kibler has simultaneously lived and written the story of the South: its rise, its fall, and—if it is up to the likes of Professor Kibler—its renewal.

Thomas Fleming is the editor of Chronicles.

A Rainbow Bridge

by Andrei Navrozov

Cyril Connolly: A Life
by Jeremy Lewis
North Pomfret, Vermont: Trafalgar Square; 675 pp., $50.00

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"What is there to say about someone who did nothing all his life but sit on his bottom and write reviews?" Thus the subject of this biography, who saw himself as a modern Sainte-Beuve, once excoriated Sainte-Beuve in a private letter. To his biographer, Cyril Connolly's lament is so self-revealing, so emblematic of the life he chronicles that he uses it as the epigraph to this exhaustive, at times almost maddeningly detailed, critical biography. For Jeremy Lewis as for Connolly, the artist is above all his own artistic sensibility, even if sterility, obesity, and torpidity (to say nothing of humbuggery and plain old buggery) should be the objective final result of his endeavors. "Were it that I would have such a champion!" is every literary poseur's chops-licking thought from here to Timbuktu.

Certainly the fantastically decorative bridge between the artist's consciousness and his life's tangible achievement has the closing decades of the last century for its main support. The ornate wrought-iron span, shaped like the grille of a monastic locutory whose fanciful prototypes one can find in the selfless solipsism of Dostoyevsky and Huysmans and Wilde, is clearly outlined against the mother-of-pearl, slightly chipped Watteau of English sky between the World Wars, and in retrospect it may well be argued that the sometimes invisible, though always measurable, stress of nostalgia inherent in the rationally tenuous structure is exactly what was making the "music of time" all along. Now and then Lewis's book is too passively descriptive even for an enthusiast of period ephemera, and yet as a detailed architect's drawing of that most miraculous of 20th-century cultural miracles—England's amazing musical bridge 1890-1930—it is simply invaluable.

What Connolly meant to say, by way of socratically boastful self-abasement, was that if he was Sainte-Beuve ("a better artist, yet a weaker one, than any of the contemporaries whom he criticises"), then Stephen Spender was Hugo, W.H. Auden was Lamartine, and Louis MacNeice was Musset. No argument there, especially if, uncharitably, we equate weakness with getting out of bed before noon, or charitably compare it to being inept at the kind of public relations for which literary careerism in the 20th century is famous: concealing one's appetite for (even innocent) pleasure, eschewing genuine eccentricities like keeping lemurs and ferrets (instead of deadlines), and holding sufficiently implacable (or at least fashionably timed) leftist views. No argument there, as I say, except that Connolly's contemporaries also included his schoolmate at St. Cyprian's and later at Eton, George Orwell.

Even if one does not identify Orwell with that sobering, slap-hard sense of truth for which the century may be remembered long after so many of the delicately evasive sensibilities of both the "weaker" Connolly and of his stronger contemporaries have been forgotten, the fact is that among the literary figures active at the time and moving in the same or intersecting London circles were—in alphabetical order, ransacking the index to Lewis's book and leaving out the expatriate Paris of Hemingway and Joyce where Connolly liked to frolic whenever he had enough money for the ferry—A.J. Ayer, John Betjeman, Lawrence Durrell, T.S. Eliot, E.M. Forster, Robert Graves, Graham Greene, Aldous Huxley, Arthur Koestler, Wyndham Lewis, Somerset Maugham, Malcolm Muggeridge, Anthony Powell, V.S. Pritchett, Peter Quennell, assorted Sackville-Wests, Sitwells, and Stracheys, Dylan Thomas,

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Evelyn Waugh, Virginia Woolf. . . . The names are only a hint at the true dimensions of that amazing rainbow-like bridge, and whichever way you look at it, up or down, Connolly's playing Sainte-Beuve against the three contemporaries he had hand-picked for the purposes of benign self-identification is reminiscent of Mayakovsky's ingenious claim that his deadliest competitor for the position of Russia's greatest living poet was "Nick," meaning a certain Nikolai Aseev.

And yet the Connolly case is more complicated than that. Just as Eiffel's engineering represented the power of reason, so the amazing feat of English culture bridging the centuries was meant to glorify irrationality, imagination, joviality, mysticism, childishness, paganism, capriciousness, uselessness, playfulness, ambivalence, narcissism, all surviving precariously in the wrong place at the wrong time, and all ultimately doomed. And just as to subsequent generations the giant lacework pylon in the middle of Paris is a hopelessly old-fashioned folly, so what was expressly meant as a folly, an indulgence, and an act of nostalgia is looking less foolish with every passing day. It is our respect for the triumph of Connolly's peers, and of the rainbow-high arch they have left behind to commemorate it, that prevents us from dismissing an individual toiler like Connolly as a pompous babbler full of strong liquor and quaint bluff.

Hence the title of Connolly's collected essays, *The Condemned Playground*, and hence the longing for Eden that runs through the chapters of Lewis's biography like a spinning top. For Connolly as for so many of his contemporaries, "Eden" was consonant with "Eton" to the end of the lapsarian thereafter: "Few things are more disturbing than the barren aspect of the present world when the taste of honeydew still lingers in the mouth," he wrote, and Lewis comments on "the notion—familiar to generations of public-school Englishmen, albeit in cruder, more boisterous form—of life thereafter as intrinsically anticlimactic." One inevitable consequence was the self-confessed "curse of one's creative intelligence being always so many years younger than the critical," with the result that Connolly was never able to write anything as complete or coherent as his milieu expected of him. His only attempt at a novel, *The Rock Pool*, was published in 1935.

And yet the Connolly case, I repeat, is less straightforward than one of arrested development or literary failure. Even without extolling the two books that lift him with any degree of flying-carpet objectivity above the epoch's raconteurs and unsuccessful novelists—the patchwork quilts of *The Unquiet Grave* and *Enemies of Promise*—one is quite sure that the person capable of writing the following lines was endowed with a critical intelligence that was also creative:

> I am too much of a snob to be a bohemian and much too fond, not only of security, but of a sense of respect and social power. I can't bear to be disapproved of by waiters, porters, hotel managers, hunting men, barbers, bank clerks, though I wouldn't mind writing anything that would annoy them—I can't bear to be unpopular though I enjoy being hated.

Elsewhere he writes, in the same vein: "I hate colonels, but I don't like the people who make fun of them."

What I would argue is that far from being ordinarily clever, Connolly's self-deprecating self-aggrandizing is a direct descendant of Dostoyevsky's "underground man" and the obsessively introspective literary culture, in Russia, France, and elsewhere on the Continent, of the 1890's. By the 1930's, it lived on only in England, that condemned playground of Connolly's milieu, and today it lies buried deep under the volcanic debris of egalitarianism and collectivization where a modern-day Sainte-Beuve like Connolly, to say nothing of a modern-day Dostoyevsky like Orwell, would instantly suffocate. Not surprisingly, reviewing Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, it was the "delicious cynicism" of the book that Connolly most admired, "that subtle, metallic kind" of humor "which, more than anything else, seems a product of this generation." Equally unsurprising is the fact that Orwell referred to Connolly in print as "almost the only novel-reviewer in England who does not make me sick."

The hero of *The Rock Pool*, Connolly's stab at a novel, reasons that "if sex and snobbery, at which he was a failure, were going out, he was no better fitted for the Communism and hope that were coming in." His solution, which his creator could never afford to put into practice despite a clumsy attempt to marry into a little American money, is to buy a house in the English countryside, Palladian ideally, there to "cultivate obscurity and practice failure, so repulsive in others, in oneself of course the only dignified thing." Instead Connolly turned to publishing, and the unexpectedly successful *Horizon* ran throughout the 1940's, filling the void left by the war-time closing of such journals as Eliot's *Criterion* and Geoffrey Grigson's *New Verse*. To the commie pinko Herbert Read, the new magazine was "the last flicker of pre-war decadence, a post-Proustian inquest on a dead epoch." Connolly himself saw it accordingly:

> Editing a magazine is a form of the good life; it is creating when the world is destroying, helping where it is hindering; being given once a month the opportunity to produce a perfect number and every month failing, and just when despair sets in, being presented with one more chance.

"We must be serious," he wrote in a letter, fusing, in his customary way, the narcissism of one of fortune's darlings with the aplomb of a perfect failure. "We must live as though the world is going to end." And end it did, because the Battle for Britain was not only the World War. It was also a battle "against the politician, the culture-diffusionist, and the victorious common man" in which Connolly's modest, and only, weapon was presenting himself as "the last literary gent" left on earth.

Certainly by the time he died, in 1974, that description was almost literally true. The battle in defense of individualism had been lost the world over. But because it was in Etonian, puerile, fey little England that unserious Connolly and his flippant generation had made their last stand against the encroaching adulthood of concentration camps and hamburger chains, history will surely record that it is in stubborn, contrary England that the "music of time" has sounded the longest before dissolving, like the arc of a rainbow or an imaginary bridge or some other amazing mirage, into the grey, demotic sameness of totalitarian drizzle.

Connolly used to say that memorials were only important to social climbers, so I may as well end on this vanishing note.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

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by Samuel Francis

Paleo-Malthusianism

"Parson," wrote the Tory radical William Cobbett in an open letter to Thomas Malthus in 1819, "I have, during my life, detested many men; but never any one so much as you." Cobbett's hatred of Malthus, the founder of modern population science, is comparable to the dislike that most conservatives feel toward him today, though they probably would not care for Cobbett, an unsparing critic of the ravenous industrial capitalism of the early 19th century, any more than for the author of the *Essay on the Principle of Population*, first published exactly 200 years ago in 1798.

It is not surprising that most conservatives have not exactly waxed exuberant about the anniversary. They regard Malthus as the father of "population planning" and of the idea that too many people can be a bad thing, and in addition, growtho-maniacs like the late Julian Simon hold the harelipped demographer and English clergyman responsible for the even more wicked idea that infinite and unrestricted economic growth is not necessarily a good thing. Thus, Malthus takes it on the lip from both wings of the "conservative movement," from the religious right and the anti-abortion, anti-birth control faction as well as from the libertarians, who like to insist that there is no environmental or population problem that cannot be solved satisfactorily by building a few more strip malls.

As usual, both sides of the "conservative movement" are wrong, not least because they have completely lost contact with the conservative intellectual tradition and are not able to recognize it when it slaps them in the face. It is no small irony that a few years ago demographer Michael Teitelbaum pointed out that Karl Marx and his heirs hated Malthus at least as much as modern conservatives do and that "right-wing thinking in the United States was moving dramatically toward the old-line Marxist tradition."

New right and libertarian think tanks, such as the Heritage Foundation and the Cato Institute, began to argue that rapid population growth was, at worst, a neutral factor in economic development—and indeed might be a positive force so long as the "correct" economic system were in place. These arguments were energetically promoted in "backgrounders" aimed at a receptive Reagan White House.

The convergence of contemporary conservatism and communism on the issue of Malthusian ideas is simply part of the convergence of right and left that has been fairly obvious for a couple of decades now, a convergence represented by such major minds as those of Jack Kemp and Newt Gingrich. You need not worry that you missed the gala sponsored by Heritage and Cato celebrating the 200th anniversary of Malthus's essay. There was no such gala, and even if there had been, those who did observe the anniversary would not have been welcome.

The anniversary was in fact celebrated in a special issue of the *Social Contract*, a quarterly journal devoted mainly to immigration and the demographic, environmental, and cultural problems it causes, and also in a short book by John F. Rohe, A *Bicentennial Malthusian Essay: Conservation, Population, and the Indifference to Limits*, published by Rhodes & Easton in Traverse City, Michigan. Neither the *Social Contract* nor Mr. Rohe, a lawyer, mechanical engineer, and environmental activist, is conservative, at least not part of the "movement," but through their sympathy for Malthus, they have independently rediscovered some of the fundamental concepts of the conservative tradition that the conservative movement has long since dispatched to the toxic waste dump.

The most famous principle articulated by Malthus was that while population increases geometrically, the food supply on which population depends increases only arithmetically. The implication is obvious enough: Sooner or later, there will be far more people than there is food to sustain them, and the result will be mass starvation. Malthus, as Mr. Rohe and other Malthusians today acknowledge, did not anticipate such goodies as the "Green Revolution," by which it is possible to make unproductive land yield food and to crank out, through chemicals and artificial breeding, far more crops than could be produced in early 19th-century England. Nor did he anticipate that the cultivation of vast new territories in North America, Latin America, and Asia would increase the supply of food far beyond what could be produced in his day. These omissions offer immense comfort to the anti-Malthusians, who never cease to whoop about how Malthus did not know what he was talking about and how, if he had only lived to see modern Hong Kong, he could not possibly have voiced any objection to such a utopia.

But the point is larger than Malthus's specific predictions. Malthus's essential point was that there are limits to what human beings can do and be, and that if we exceed those limits, we will have a problem. I will spare the reader the statistics on global food production, energy use, and population growth offered by neo-Malthusians, but whether those figures and the ominous extrapolations from them are correct or not, the larger point is surely true. Indeed, conservatives in particular ought to know that it is true because conservatism revolves around it.

"Conservatism," wrote the conservative historian Sir Lewis Namier, "is primarily based on a proper recognition of human limitations, and cannot be argued in a spirit of self-glorifying logic." Whether it can be argued or not, the recognition of limits has been a distinguishing characteristic of conservative thought from the time of Burke and de Maistre down to that of Russell Kirk and M.E. Bradford, and the denial of limits has been a characteristic of the left since it first crept from the womb in the Renaissance. The very recognition of "human nature" implies limits, since it means that human beings are one thing and not another, that there are some things human beings cannot do or be and some kinds of society that human beings cannot create or sustain. And while conservatives have always insisted that human nature exists and does not change, it is the left—mainly, in this century, in the work of Franz Boas, Ruth Benedict, and John Dewey—that insists

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that human nature does not exist, that man is whatever his "environment" makes him, and that if we just manage the environment, we can also manage and manipulate human beings and their behavior.

Indeed, as Paul Gottfried points out (in an article in the *Social Contract*), Malthus's essay was written primarily to challenge the vapid historical optimism bubbled forth by the left of his day, mainly by William Godwin and the Marquis de Condorcet, both of whom prophesied their own utopias as the necessary future of mankind (neither would have been impressed by Hong Kong). To Godwin and Condorcet, as to their radical colleagues and their modern-day "conservative" heirs, the future of humanity was to be one of unlimited peace, plenty, equality, justice, freedom, and happiness. Malthus stated in the preface to the first edition of his essay that his work on population and food supply originated in an argument with a friend over the validity of the Godwin-Condorcet prophecies.

Mr. Rohe frames Malthus's general insistence on human limits in the context of modern ecology and sociobiology, especially as formulated by Garrett Hardin. The study of ecology offers insights into the balance of nature and the interdependence of plant and animal species within one area. Any significant alteration of the balance may lead to the destruction of the entire "eco-system." In Hardin's words, "We can never do merely one thing," a law that is perfectly consistent with what classical conservatives understood about human society. As the late Robert Nisbet noted, one of the fundamental beliefs of classical conservatives who (like Malthus) rejected the Enlightenment and French Revolution was the "principle of interdependence of social phenomena."

> Since society is organismic in nature, there is always a delicate interrelation of belief, habit, membership, and institution in the life of any society. Each individual and each social trait are parts of a larger system of coherence.

Enlightenment social planners failed to grasp this principle, with regard to nature or society, and the consequence of their reckless and rationalistic planning was the destruction of existing social orders as coherent systems. Ecology as a science of nature is essentially the transference of Nisbet's "principle of social interdependence" to natural rather than social systems: You cannot do merely one thing in a meadow or a rain forest anymore than you can in an urban housing project, a primitive culture, or a highly interdependent industrialized society.

The general validity of the ecological and Malthusian perspective and its overall consistency with the sociological and anthropological perspective of classical conservatism does not mean that everything modern environmentalists want to do (or not do) should be done. A good deal of what some of them demand is destructive, not only to the utopia of strip malls but to the livelihoods and social communities of those who have to put up with the restrictions they impose and the bureaucracies they create. If it is true that we can never do merely one thing, that means we ought to be a good deal more cautious about doing not only what the growth cult demands but also many of the things the environmentalist movement insists we do immediately. Nevertheless, the point the environmentalists make is essentially valid and one that conservatives, at least those who are serious about that term, ought to support.

As for abortion and birth control, Malthus himself, a clergyman and a fairly conventional moral thinker, advocated neither, and he would have been outraged by the suggestion that either be practiced. His own solution to the demographic catastrophes he predicted was "moral restraint," which of course is exactly what the anti-Malthusian pro-life movement advocates today. It is hardly Malthus's fault if, in the 200 years since he wrote, Western society has turned away from his Christian morality, including the prohibitions on infanticide, abortion, and birth control. But it has also sufficiently abandoned traditional moral beliefs to the point that it can no longer bring to a halt the major source of population growth in the United States today, namely, immigration. As Dr. Hardin has written for years, immigration into the United States is responsible for 50 percent to 60 percent of the nation's population growth since 1970, and halting it, aside from its cultural and political benefits, would more or less rip the muscles out of leftist environmentalism. A good many of the problems environmentalists talk about and the state-imposed solutions they demand would simply vanish if immigration were halted: The burden on land use, technical infrastructure, water use, and other perishable resources would be significantly lower, and halting this Third World overflow might eventually encourage the countries from which the immigrants are coming to do something about controlling their own populations. With the availability of the United States, Canada, Western Europe, Australia, and New Zealand as dumping grounds for excess and unwanted populations, these nations have no incentive whatsoever to reduce fertility rates.

Mr. Rohe's presentation of Malthus as essentially a reactionary, a critic of the modernist obsession with growth and material progress and the social chaos that this obsession engenders, ought to be useful to real conservatives, and the Malthusian principles of the recognition of limits and moral restraint (not necessarily confined to sex) ought to build a bridge between conservatives who are still serious about their conservatism and non-conservatives who have independently rediscovered what less serious conservatives have thrown away. The "convergence" of right and left symbolized by Jack Kemp and Newt Gingrich need not be confined to them: There is no reason why a new cultural right, unified around the principles of limits and social as well as natural interdependence, cannot begin to flourish as easily as the new cultural left that denies limits and sees as its main mission the preservation of a political and economic system that revolves around mass gratification and the destruction of community and personal independence.

What is perhaps already happening is simply the redefinition of "left" and "right" away from the political polarities that have defined them since the New Deal era and toward a new polarity, indeed a new political spectrum, that opposes defense of social cohesion and national-cultural identity to the demand for growth and gratification at the expense of cohesion and identity. Thomas Malthus and those who understand his legacy would offer useful models for one side of this political and ideological antithesis; the other side, like Karl Marx and his heirs in the modern conservative movement, would keep Malthus's name at the top of its enemies list and continue to embrace the utopianism of unlimited growth that Malthus and the real conservatives of his age rejected.

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Letter From Chicago

by Thomas Roeser

The World Turned Upside Down

◆

A truly startling, topsy-turvy race is being run for governor of Illinois. U.S. Representative Glenn Poshard, the Democrat, is embracing more conservative positions on culture and social policy; Illinois Secretary of State George Ryan, the Republican, is running away with much of the Democratic base, including gay-rights supporters. On trade, Poshard has supported a Buchananite economic nationalism and opposed "Clean Air" Act amendments which would deprive coal-mining Southern Illinoisans of jobs; Ryan endorses the free-trade model of global economic citizenship espoused by most big corporations.

As we go to press, Ryan leads Poshard statewide by 49 percent to 35 percent, with 15 percent undecided—but much depends on turnout and other uncontrollable factors. No matter how the election turns out, however, the race itself will have important repercussions. For years, the Democratic Party of Illinois has been a weather vane of Democratic Party philosophy in the nation. After the 1948 election when the country determined it wanted Harry Truman's Fair Deal, Illinois sent to the Senate ex-socialist economist Paul Douglas, to whom Truman turned to structure an early prototype of Medicare. As the nation sought a less activist liberalism, Illinois elected Alan Dixon. Most recently, it has sent to Washington Carol Moseley-Braun, who is the embodiment of soccer moms concerned about protecting abortion rights, and Dick Durbin, who ran on a pro-choice, pro-gun-control platform.

Now, as the nation seemingly turns back to conservatism, Moseley-Braun is in serious trouble, and state Democrats have nominated for governor a pro-life, pro-gun conservative. Poshard, a 52-year-old Marion professor of education who coached football, basketball, and track, came up the hard way in downstate Illinois: His parents were so hard up that at one time the family lived in a refurbished chicken coop. Moving to teaching assignments downstate, he found warm support for his coaching and down-home conviviality, support which led him to the state senate and to Congress, where he did the unthinkable: He was the first incumbent to embrace a voluntary term limit of ten years. An eloquent speaker of the William Jennings Bryan school of populism, he strongly supported pro-life legislation, the rights of gun owners, and economic nationalism. His address to the House opposing partial-birth abortion was exceeded in passion only by that of Henry Hyde.

With this record, his bid for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination was initially downgraded by most analysts. But Illinois Democrats were tired of nominating gubernatorial candidates who support high taxes and spout stringent pro-abortion and gay-rights rhetoric. His opponents—a Clinton Justice Department aide, a Clinton ex-district attorney, and an African-American former state attorney general—split the liberal vote, while Poshard gained support from regular party stalwarts tired of fervent liberaldom: Congressman Bill Lipinski, a pro-lifer from the southwest side of Chicago; state House Speaker Mike Madigan; Alderman Edward Burke; John Daley, influential brother of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley; and Tom Hynes, powerful former Cook County assessor. In the March 17 primary, Poshard won the nomination with 38.5 percent of the vote, with 62 percent of his vote coming from downstate (the area of Illinois outside of Cook County and the collar counties of DuPage, Kane, Lake, McHenry, and Will). Of the 611,000 votes cast in liberal Cook County—home of Chicago—Poshard totaled just 18.8 percent.

Poshard's opponent, George Ryan, is a 64-year-old veteran of Illinois politics: former speaker of the Illinois house, lieutenant governor, and current holder of what is certainly the best job in the state for building a political machine, secretary of state—a post that puts the incumbent's name on drivers' licenses, billboards, and branch offices. In addition, the canny Ryan convinced the General Assembly to pass legislation which provided state funds for organ donations, funds which could be utilized for TV commercials encouraging widespread participation. The result: Ryan appeared almost daily with babies and grateful recipients.

Earlier in his career, Ryan was anything but a liberal. A downstate pharmacist, he collected supremely conservative credentials as a leading legislative pro-lifer. As speaker, he blocked the passage of the ERA in the 1970's, so angering feminists that they poured buckets of calves' blood on the floor of the rotunda of the state capitol. Bodyguards were appointed to protect Ryan, while his phone lines crackled with invective from screaming liberal women vowing all kinds of physical damage to him.

But something happened to Ryan following his ascension to the secretary of state's post, as he prepared to run for governor. Although he had once written a letter of praise to the NRA, citing the example of Tiananmen Square where government suppression of guns throttled dissent, he became one of the first "conservative" Republicans to endorse the Brady Bill. He still supports restrictions on abortion, but with exceptions for rape, incest, and the health of the mother. He even fought to tie himself to pro-choicers on the state ticket, alienating some of his base. Rather than run with a pro-life lieutenant governor, he recruited a pro-choice, one-term female state house member from wealthy suburban country-club Lake Forest. Even worse, in the primary campaign for United States senator, he endorsed and campaigned fervently for the pro-choice state comptroller over Peter Fitzgerald, a young, bright, socially conservative state senator. Despite Ryan's opposition, Fitzgerald received the nomination and now seems destined to defeat Moseley-Braun.

The most important question for social conservatives in the general election, however, may be the issue of homosexuality. Since 1974, homosexual rights forces have sought to win passage for a "Human Rights" statute, which would prevent employers and rental property owners from exercising their discretion in hiring or renting. The bill declares

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that a person's right to hold a job should depend on performance and qualifications, not "employer bias," meaning personal abhorrence of what biblical patriarchs and Christian leaders have called perversity. (There would be exemptions, however, for religious organizations and apartment buildings of fewer than four units.)

On this issue, both candidates have been evasive, but Poshard has been more outspoken in his opposition. He begins by stating unequivocally that he will not sign such legislation but then adds that it depends, of course, on what form the legislation takes. One thing is certain: Gay-rights advocates do not like him but endorse—some even enthusiastically—George Ryan. A staff member at the secretary of state's office wrote—on state time—a strategy paper for the Ryan campaign on winning the homosexual vote, and unwisely sent it out on a state fax machine. When this was made public, Ryan reimbursed the taxpayers. But what is his firm position on the homosexual rights statute?

He's either for it or is deliberately ambiguous, in the eyes of many social conservatives. They cite heated attacks on Poshard by homosexual rights spokesmen, who in fact walked out of a meeting with Poshard. Their withering blasts at the Democratic candidate and Ryan's ambiguous stand have led some prominent social conservatives to reconsider their support for Ryan. Further complicating matters, a national organization called Project VoteSmart asked both candidates how they would stand on the issue. Poshard didn't answer; Ryan's office responded that he would support the gay-rights statute.

But does he really? Some Ryan supporters say that the questionnaire was filled out by a campaign aide. Ryan himself won't retract the questionnaire, but he does say that his support for such a bill will depend on what it says. His message to social conservatives is mixed: How dare you criticize me after all I've done for you; and let me make the bargains I must in order to get elected, and you will be satisfied with the results from a Governor Ryan.

Now Henry Hyde comes into the picture. The venerable, silver-maned congressman and chairman of the House Judiciary Committee worries that a Democratic governor could skew redistricting in the year 2000. Illinois will lose one U.S. House seat that year, and Hyde fears a Democratic-tinged redrawing of the map may put him in competition with Representative Phil Crane. The 74-year-old Hyde, the main congressional spokesman against term limits, is not contemplating retirement. As the leading social conservative in Illinois, he has urged his friends to support his good friend Ryan.

There is another (seldom reported) aspect to social conservatives' threat to bolt Ryan. Some are willing to campaign for Poshard not because Poshard is all that good on homosexuality (he recently supported some homosexual rights legislation in Congress) but to rebuke Ryan and the state GOP organization. The Illinois GOP has long benefited from conservative support, but under the governorships of fervent pro-choicers James Thompson and Jim Edgar, conservatives have been given very little. The most prominent party leader has long been Harold Byron Smith, Jr., the current state chairman and a former national committeeman and finance chairman. Despite being scion of a billionaire blue-chip banking and manufacturing company, Smith, conservatives say, is eager to dispense governmental balm to ease the slightest liberal itch of politically correct groups. According to one conservative state senator, Smith has declared that a tenth of the party's electorate is homosexual and that Republican policies should reflect this "fact."

As we go to press, all odds-makers say Ryan will win handily unless a scandal arises in the secretary of state's huge domain—certainly not an impossibility, considering an earlier scandal in which truckers' licenses were awarded in exchange for bribes. Six children were killed in an accident involving a truck driven by an immigrant with little knowledge of English, who purportedly could not pass his driver's test but obtained a license through bribery. A state probe called by Ryan found no other instances of bribery, but a subsequent FBI probe did, embarrassing Ryan. Still, there has been no political fallout for the secretary of state. Any further disclosures, however, would seriously harm his campaign.

If Ryan wins, it will be because the dynamics of politics have changed, due to his ability to build a whopping majority among Democratic constituencies. Ryan is endorsed by key unions (including the powerful Illinois Education Association) and by gun-control advocates (including Jim Brady, who had supported Dick Durbin for the U.S. Senate and whose followers identify with Democratic Senator Moseley-Braun). Homosexual rights advocates and their allies on prestigious newspaper editorial boards identify with Ryan, and Ryan has more than 3,000 patronage workers. In addition, African-Americans who listen to the two Jesse Jacksons may snub Poshard because of his conservative social policies and his failure to support a pet project of the minister and his politician son.

Throughout the campaign, Ryan has received the money and endorsements but Poshard has stood alone, as social conservatives fancy themselves to do, seemingly a figure of integrity who will not bend—the distinction conservatives have had in Illinois for decades. If Poshard heroically overcomes the odds and wins the election, his stature as a conservative Democrat will take on national proportions.

But one thing is clear: Politics in Illinois have changed. No matter how the election turns out, political analysts can no longer take for granted the "fact" that Republican candidates are distrusted by unions and are disdained by advocates of homosexual rights, by blacks, and by feminists. Nor is it safe to say that Democratic candidates cannot be endorsed by right-to-lifers, homeschoolers, and evangelical opponents to the gay agenda. For the foreseeable future, social conservatism in Illinois has become enthusiastically bipartisan.

Thomas Roeser, a member of the board of directors of The Rockford Institute, is a newspaper columnist and radio talk show host in Chicago.

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Letter From the Argentario

by Andrei Navrozov

Italian Lessons

◆

Two or three times a week, after dinner, I watch the traffic jam outside Franco's bar. What causes it nobody knows, but a perfectly ordinary intersection of two perfectly ordinary country roads is suddenly blocked. Nobody knows why the best watermelon is the one with the smallest spot on the bottom, or how come the tastiest tomatoes are always misshapen, or what it is about myrtle leaves that causes a suckling pig to be so marvelously tender. It's just one of those things, and anything other than simply accepting it is every bit as foolhardy as wondering why the Northern Line is the one to avoid when traveling on the Underground in London, or why American college professors like cheating on their wives.

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Although at most three vehicles, and seldom more than a dozen persons, are involved in the ensuing commotion, in the dilating twilight it is never clear who was behind the wheel of which car. The actors and the spectators are quickly amalgamated, as the passengers and the drivers get out and take up the parts of victims, witnesses, experts, and jurors. Though less contrived than the report of the Warren Commission or a James Fenimore Cooper novel, their mutually inconvenient entanglement is as picturesque as any this side of pure fiction. Since I do not drive, and the impartial truths of motoring are hidden from me—much as the truth of music is hidden from many people who assume that he plays best who plays loudest—I usually think the driver of the car that has the prettiest girl in it is the villain, who ought to be thrown in jail as a matter of public safety. But my own opinion in the matter is beside the point. What I come to the bar to savor is the escalation of hostilities on all sides, which, Italy being Italy, always follows a pattern.

The very first of the many names which one Christian is likely to call another in such situations here would fall, in English, Russian, or any other language or culture of which I have even the scantiest knowledge, under the narrow rubric of grave insult, usually anatomical or scatological in form. There follows what appears to be a ruminative pause, during which the participants evaluate and focus their invective before proceeding to the next level of calumny, still more unprintable and, to any but the Italian ear, still more barbarous. This almost mandatory intermission, like the traditional interval in the theater, allows the machinery of stagecraft to project a new mood, as shirt sleeves are rolled down, trousers pulled up, cigarettes stubbed out, and rear-view mirrors demonstratively tweaked. Now references to sexual practices, gender uncertainties, and genealogical defects of every kind are flung right and left, obscene fulminations rending asunder the gentle, echoless dusk of Tuscan summer until the next mandatory interval once again shrouds the scene in silence.

And there ends the second act. Mind you, we are not at the point when the plush seats empty, and refreshments, champagne and smoked salmon on toast, are taken by the weary in the buffet. We are not at the point when the less plush use lavatories, fan themselves with playbills, or pore over the list of corporate sponsors to kill time. We are, rather, at the point at which any man or woman outside of Italy, no matter how mildly mannered, is already mad as hell, and would be quite prepared for as much physical violence as might be justified in the eyes of his or her culture. A bleeding nose, a cheek lacerated by a manicured fingernail would be the kind of bargain price one would expect to pay, under less velvety skies and on a night not as deep as this indigo, for verbal provocations so extreme.

Instead the curtain rises to reveal a stage emptied of all movement, where only the crickets, in the orchestra pit below the bar's terrace, keep on grinding out their Buddhist hymn to forbearance. A passing mongrel dog, infected by the excitement of an otherwise supperless evening, barks in the audience like an old man clearing his throat on an old recording. And then it comes. It would be tempting, but I think misleading, to say that it sounds operatic, like something out of *La Forza del Destino* or that blood-curdling shriek in *Rigoletto* when the jester discovers that his daughter is the body in the sack. No, it is simply spoken, never shouted, and it always comes perfectly enunciated, like a great line from Racine:

"*Maleducato!*"

The word is the awful forbidden, and the uttering of it is the third act and the final *dénouement* of the performance I would happily attend every night of the week if Franco could organize it and charge admission. What can it possibly mean, this most awesome of taboos, this sacred malediction spat in the face of a suspected perpetrator of traffic congestion? What is it, this most potent of curses, used long after all other means of abuse have been exhausted and it is clear to all, including the stray dog, that the malfeasant in question is both an impotent born of a promiscuous mother and a racial aberration sired by a whole gallery of sexual deviants? What is this lethal bite of the Italian imagination's hydrophobic echidna? The Collins Sansoni Dictionary says "I. a. rude, impolite, ill-mannered, ill-bred. II. s. m. (f. -a) rude person."

If one could rely on dictionaries, of course there would be no reason to sit in the bar and watch a lot of people who are mad as hell, in other words, in an emotionally and hence culturally revealing predicament. What I find so remark-

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able, and what the Collins Sansoni cannot convey, is the extent to which the Italians have learned to make a spectacle, as well as a virtue, of being cartoon-character predictable. This is a trait which their common spoken language, artificially disseminated at the expense of the local dialects since the unification of Italy (but most ruthlessly since the advent of national television), at once belies and encourages, with what I make out to be rather unique consequences.

It would be wrong to claim that in order to understand the English, one must master the literature their ancestors created centuries ago; far more instructive, perhaps, to absorb their journalism of the last 40 years. To understand the modern Russians, one need not learn their verse; their Soviet political heritage is far more relevant. But the plain fact is that, whatever the cultural antecedents, an analogous brawl in Birmingham or Chelyabinsk would not run along plot lines that were known long in advance, rehearsed many times over, and perfectly familiar to all the native participants since childhood. Similarly, if you happened upon an English or a Russian girl standing in front of a shop window, looking at blouses or shoes the way women do, you would not be able to guess her innermost thoughts if your life depended on it. Only a Shakespeare or a Chekhov could put them in words, now as centuries ago, with any plausibility or veracity:

> Medvedenko: Why do you always wear black?
> Masha: Because I am in mourning for my life. I am unhappy.

"*Che belle scarpe*!" is the Roy Lichtenstein thought bubble above the young Italian's gracefully inclined head. She is not permitted to have any other text in the caption by her culture, her upbringing, and her manners, any more than she is permitted to call a driver impolite within the first three-quarters of an hour's argument in the street. Of course I cannot swear that the text is one hundred percent invariable, since she may well be thinking "*Che carine*!" or "*Che meraviglia*!" when she looks at the shoes, much as in the dramatic *dénouement* at Franco's bar one may sometimes hear a variant "*Disgraziato*!" or "*Ignorante*!" But a thought bubble is what it is, not much room for thought there to begin with, and hardly a suitable place for anything really unexpected.

The Shakespeare and Chekhov of the synthetic language spoken by modern educated Italians throughout Italy is not Dante or Pirandello but Dottoressa Paola Rosa-Clot, professor of foreign languages at the University of Turin and author of the Linguaphone *Corso d'italiano*. Here is something from a lesson entitled "The Fashionable Friend," which I take to be the rough equivalent of the opening lines from Chekhov's *Seagull* quoted above. Two women are discussing a pair of shoes one of them bought on sale, and the irony is that the other thinks the heels might be too high:

> Raffaella: *Che belle scarpe! Dove le hai comprate?*
> Luciana: *Le ho prese in una svendita. . . . Ti piacciono?*
> Raffaella: *Sì, ma come fai a camminare con dei tachhi così alti?*
> Luciana: *È un po' difficile, ma sai, sono di moda.**

I cannot restrain myself from dipping into "Sightseeing in Rome," where a woman asks her companion whether the Colosseum was built with the sole aim of putting Christians to death:

> Graziella: *Era usato solo per far morire i cristiani?*
> Giovanna: *No, per ogni sorta di spettacoli sanguinosi.*

Do people really talk like this? Here they do. I think I have heard this very exchange on more than one occasion among the Italian tourists now thronging to Rome, as if it were a finishing school for Italianness, to round off their conversational skills before all the *maleducati* arrive from abroad, all those funny, unpredictable strangers with highly unfashionable knapsacks and improperly modulated curses.

And if I haven't, I'm sure to hear something very much like it before the millennium.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

*R: *What lovely shoes! Where did you buy them?*
L: I got them on sale . . . Do you like them?
R: Yes, but how are you going to walk with such high heels?
L: It's a little hard, but you know, they're in style.

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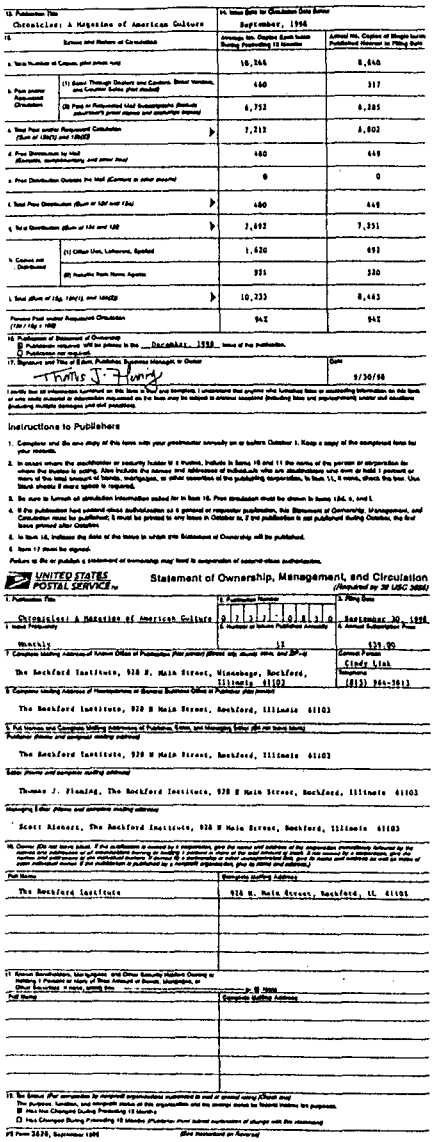

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RELIGION

Be Fair to the Liberals

by David Mills

After some years of ecclesiastical combat (Episcopal battlefield), I think I know why so many conservative Christians do not respond to liberalism as strongly as one would expect. They think that liberals are just *cheating*: that they know the rules, but like spoiled and willful children have decided to play by rules they like better. Since they are just cheaters, they only need to be shamed into behaving, and if they won't be shamed into behaving, conservatives can try to change their church's rules and structures to prevent them from cheating anymore.

An evangelical friend recently told me that he wanted to tell Bishop John Spong and his allies, "O.K., fine. Believe what you want. But don't call yourself a Christian. You can't be a member of the club without paying some dues, and the most basic payment is to believe. Get in or get out, but stop muddying the waters." The Roman Catholic bishop of Omaha, Fabian Bruskewitz, is reported to have said that "the difference between a dissenting Catholic and a Protestant is that the Protestant has integrity."

This isn't really fair to most liberals. I'll admit, it *is* irritating when a man who has made quite a good living from his church declares his rejection of yet another of her doctrines and praises himself for his prophetic courage, while irreligious reporters applaud him and publishers strew book contracts at his feet. It is more than irritating when comfortable sherry-soaked theologians sneer at the pope for his supposedly simplistic understanding of the problems of modern society or when (as has happened in the Episcopal Church) tenured feminists publicly describe a bishop who, on biblical grounds, hesitates to ordain women as "evil."

Nevertheless, we have to be fair to the liberals and try to see things from their point of view, not just as a courtesy due any opponent, but to know what to do about them. Most liberals are not cheating. They are playing by the rules and playing fair. They are acting with integrity. *That's the problem.*

Liberals (the usual but certainly unsatisfactory name for a hazy collection of skeptics, relativists, ideologues, and sentimentalists held together mainly by their opposition to the same things) believe that truth evolves and grows and changes, or at least that our understanding of truth evolves so radically that earlier certainties may be replaced by new and contradictory truths. They believe that what has been, even what has been settled, may not be, or shall not be any longer.

Their ways of explaining this evolution differ. Some believe that they are rescuing the truths in the Christian tradition (the equality of men and women, for example) from the errors therein (the headship of men). Some believe they are rescuing the truths in the Christian tradition from the errors later imposed thereon (the same example applies). Others believe that the Bible and Christian tradition were historically limited attempts to speak of fundamental religious realities and want to express these fundamental realities in a more modern and relevant form. Others believe that there is no truth in the Christian tradition and that we must therefore reinvent the Church as we go along, to serve whatever ideals or desires we have.

Yet others believe that they have recovered the original faith itself, the religion of the loving, inclusive, non-judgmental Jesus, who accepted everyone (except for the proto-capitalists and religious traditionalists of the day), whose message of tolerance the pharisaical St. Paul distorted, and whose story later misogynist, racist, and homophobic church leaders rewrote so that they could keep oppressing women, blacks, and homosexuals.

However they explain the evolution, liberals must conclude that the Christian tradition has little formative and no binding authority and that the new truths they see must replace those still asserted by orthodox Christians. Orthodoxy is at best out of date—but dangerously, not amusingly so. It is not quaint: It is an enemy of the good, of God, and of human freedom and liberation.

If they are right, those who cannot or will not explore formerly forbidden areas and risk the loss of all certainty, who will not open themselves to new movements of the Holy Spirit, who want to hold to the plain meaning of the ancient texts, and who rely on the Church's tradition to tell them what it says cannot be allowed to define the Church's doctrine and discipline. Those who live in error cannot be allowed to limit acceptable belief to what in less sophisticated times was called "orthodoxy." They certainly cannot be allowed to expel liberals or even to restrain or inhibit them.

Conservative Christians are sometimes confused because all five types of liberal tend to keep the traditional forms of the faith. People like liturgy and feel the need to pray to something higher than themselves; a hierarchy is a good way to run a church, especially if you have made it to the top; old doctrines are useful metaphors; biblical stories make good illustrations; the doctrines and stories are part of the heritage and therefore comfort the old people; the buildings are beautiful, and also paid for. Of course, sometimes this deference to tradition is simply convenient, as when bishops who care not a whit what the Fathers of the Church said about ordination or morality defend their intrusion into the lives of their parishes by appealing to the patristic understanding of the bishop (or what they think is the patristic understanding).

In general, liberals act from a sort of conservatism. Noting that the tradition carries our common memory and secures our identity as a community, they think modern Christians may keep patristic liturgies and a hierarchical order and even the doctrinal assertions of the Nicene Creed, while believing that Jesus is only one way to the God seen dimly and incompletely by all religions, including ours, or while ignoring specific biblical moral teaching in favor of a generalized injunction to love, or while rejecting the Pauline teaching on headship for a misreading of Galatians 3:23.

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The liberal would be foolish to give up the great advantages of membership in an old and wealthy and respected church just because he knows more than the other members of his church, who are in the nature of things usually complacent, ignorant, or reactionary. The church is his as much as theirs, after all.

For liberal Christians, their church is the earthly institution that bears this process of discovery, evolution, and growth, and thus they may stay in it with a clear conscience. From their point of view, they need not leave their church just because they "have moved beyond" a mythological understanding of reality codified in its past but now known by an enlightened vanguard of its members to be inadequate or mistaken. Indeed, if they are right, they must stay in their church to use her status and wealth and authority to bring more members into enlightenment. In helping their church to see new truths, they believe they are helping clean the waters, not muddy them. In accepting new truths even at the cost of losing old certainties, they are acting with integrity.

Now this makes sense. It is logical and fits the facts. One could believe it. Accept the premise that truth evolves and grows, and you may reject and innovate as much as you like with no need to change your institutional loyalties. You may be a loyal Episcopalian or Presbyterian or Roman Catholic while rejecting anything or everything your predecessors held because you know better than they, or live in a different age. Liberals are being perfectly logical and acting with complete integrity in refusing to leave their churches just because they don't accept some or all of their traditional teachings.

So skeptical liberalism has an integrity of its own. Liberals are not cheating: They are contending for an alternative worldview with the tools and weapons at hand. It is a principled position. The problem—the problem that so many conservatives don't or won't see—is that this principled liberalism happens to exist within the same churches as does the equally, but differently, principled orthodoxy, and churches are not simply collections of diverse people but fellowships with certain rules and duties and common ends that do not allow such deep differences over what the rules and duties and ends are.

A church is not a club, in which a robber baron and a communist can talk genially about baseball or the weather, nor it is a large field in which sheep and goats graze together without bothering each other. In the liberal images of the Church, which so many conservatives have accepted, community is more essential than doctrine. A church is more like a team that needs to wear the same uniforms and run the same plays and shoot at the same basket. It may be a very bad team, whose players often forget the plays and hate to pass the ball, but it must be a team.

This is expressed in the New Testament image of the Church as the Body of Christ. A church is a body, not a set of arms and legs and chests and heads scattered around the room. It is a body designed to move, and movement requires the unity and coordination of the parts. It must have one Head, whose will every member obeys, in coordination with the others. The belief that the Church is a collection of people answerable only to themselves assumes that each knee can do what it wants and each foot what it wants, and the body will still walk.

To recognize the integrity of liberalism may mean that orthodox Christians might respect some liberals more than they have before, but they also ought to be divided from them far more deeply. Or rather, they ought to recognize the division that their difference in principles creates. Liberal churchmen are not cheaters who may be publicly shamed and then ignored until they repent, but soldiers in an opposing army ordered to take the ground we've been given and ordered to defend.

This is why orthodox Christians must understand what they are saying and doing by remaining in communion with those who are so fundamentally opposed to the Christian revelation. To put it simply: How can they join at the Lord's Table with those who do not believe in the Lord, or claim to believe in Him but do not believe what He and His authorized spokesmen say? Breaking communion is simply giving liberal Christians the great compliment of taking them seriously and believing that they mean what they say. (It is a compliment some of them may not want, of course.)

Liberals are not confused or ignorant or mistaken or cheating: They are committed to a coherent and thorough understanding of what it means to be a Christian. That faith is not orthodox. The problem is not that liberals err in the conclusions they draw from assumptions and principles they share with those still faithful to the tradition; the problem is that they hold different and incompatible assumptions and principles and act accordingly.

That being so, orthodox believers within a denomination cannot tell liberals to be honest about their skepticism and leave their church but remain, at the same time, unequally yoked to them in the intimacy of communion. The only thing to do with liberals is to respect them for their convictions, and for those same convictions excommunicate them.

David Mills, the director of publishing at Trinity Episcopal School for Ministry, is the editor of The Pilgrim's Guide: C. S. Lewis and the Art of Witness *(Eerdmans) and an associate editor of* Touchstone: A Journal of Mere Christianity.

Revolution and Natural Law

by Robert D. Hickson

To what extent (if at all) does natural law entail religious liberty? To put it another way, is religious liberty a natural right? An attempt to answer this question should elucidate the long and sometimes equivocal tradition of natural law.

What, for example, is the proper relationship between tolerance and the truth? When does tolerance become a lax permissiveness that breeds indifference and the moral relativism sometimes concealed in the word "pluralism"? To what extent is the Enlightenment interpretation of natural law itself a distortion and truncation of the traditional understanding of natural moral law, wherein the fundamental Christian concept of "natural" always meant "by virtue of the Creation" and was bound to a sacred and Christian conception of the world, which stands in sharp contrast to the impersonal, deistic "absentee landlord" notion of God as the *"Deus Extramundanus"*?

"Nature" is an elusive and very equivocal "norm" of judgment and conduct. For example, is there such a thing, as the higher speculative Masons would argue, as a "true, primordial, *natural* religion" to which we must return? Or is there, as St. Augustine asked, such a thing as an alternative "true religion"—a *vera*

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religio? Is religion from man or from God? Most fundamentally, does religion, finally, come from God or from elsewhere? The cult of man, once considered an idolatry or a pantheism, may well be a subtle kind of polytheism. However, in some modern theologies ("process theologies," for example) God needs man to complete himself (or itself), a view which would have once been considered a blasphemy. But is there a "natural right" to "religious liberty," in order to profess, live, and proselytize such a "process theology"? What are the limits to religious liberty and its missionary activity or proselytism, for example, among the young? Are there not to be standards of truth and reason?

St. Thomas Aquinas articulates clearly the indispensable importance of human reason in the proper discernment of the principles and precepts of natural law. In his *Summa Theologiae* he says:

> It is from precepts of the natural law, as from general and indemonstrable principles, that the human reason needs to proceed to the more particular determination of certain matters. These particular determinations, devised by human reason, are called human laws, provided the other essential conditions of law be observed.

St. Thomas had earlier defined law as "an ordinance of reason for the common good, made by him who has care of the community, and which is publicly promulgated." Furthermore, given that "the eternal law is the plan of government in the Chief Governor," "all laws, insofar as they partake of right reason, are derived from the eternal law."

St. Thomas's emphasis on human reason and right reason is important when trying to understand the proper meaning and justification for the purported natural right of religious liberty. To the extent that a right is "a claim in justice," does anyone have a *right* to do what is wrong? In the Christian, especially Roman Catholic, understanding of natural law, the question of *why* we have a free will at all has a very specific answer. Is it to do our will? Or is it to discern and do God's will? Given our initial, liberal or prejudicial, view of religious liberty, are we free to do what is not permitted? Are we free to do what is not morally permitted? Are we free to pursue a false religion? And to do it with impunity, without adverse consequences? Is it the case that "one religion is as good as another, but none of them is true"?

Contemporary, and often very permissive, views of religious liberty usually posit a natural right to "liberty and conscience." But what do we mean by "conscience"? If there is such a thing as a sincere but erroneous conscience, then we must face the matter of authority, and of *religious* authority, with special reference to the formation of conscience. That is to say, we must find the grounds and the authority—a specific religious authority—by which the conscience is to be properly formed, if it is not to be negligent and *subjectively* culpable (morally blameworthy) as well, and not just *objectively* in error. Just as modern notions of law often consider law not as an "ordinance of reason" but as an "ordinance of will," so, too, with conscience. Conscience now often "drops down," as it were, into the will—or to what is merely desired and wanted. The same thing has happened to the concept of right. Instead of being a reasoned "claim in justice," right now often merely means what is willed and wanted or desired. Such re-orientations of concepts such as law, right, and conscience undermine the very primacy of reason in the human person, and also the primacy of the common good.

Tolerant and winsomely liberal men of the secular Enlightenment, such as Moses Mendelssohn in his book *O! Jerusalem*, have argued that religious toleration—or religious liberty—is an *inherent* part of the natural law. But such an orientation means naturalizing the supernatural—e.g., revelation, faith, grace—and hence "de-naturing" it, cutting it back to some secular set of analogues, which would promote tolerance and "what is held in common," and hence a kind of religious peace and unity. But what is the basis of unity? Is it not truth? Does not truth finally matter in determining, although with true prudence, the nature and limits of "religious liberty"? Natural law, properly understood, does not promote religious pluralism, religious relativism, or promiscuous "ecumenism," under the guise of "religious liberty."

At the heart of the concept and reality of religious liberty is "the meaning of freedom." What is freedom and what is freedom for? In his book *Mysticism and Logic*, Bertrand Russell has an eloquent essay entitled "A Free Man's Worship." This vividly poetic essay is meant as a sequel to Lucretius' poem *De Rerum Natura*, on the nature of reality. Russell, like his philosophical mentors—Lucretius, Epicurus, and Democritus—would rid his reader of the fear of death, and not just the craven, ignoble, and irrational fear of death. Russell argues that "a *free man's* worship is based upon a *firm foundation of unyielding despair*." He assumes that, for a mature and truly free man, despair (which is one form of hopelessness) can be and can remain a *firm foundation*. A truly free and properly reverent man, in Russell's view, has a sustaining perception of beauty because he has a tragic conviction about human fragility and final isolation, as part of humanity, stranded as on a tossing raft, "amidst a universe which cares nothing for its hopes or its fears." In other words, Russell believes that if natural law is properly understood, a mature man's freedom of worship will be founded upon the unshakable conviction that there is nothing finally to hope for. Final hope for fulfillment is an illusion. Despite man's desires for fulfillment and his consciousness of acting with a purpose, there is *no* possibility of a final fulfillment of one's "having," "doing," "being" in an existential plenitude, in a completing and elevating beatitude. Russell's vision of religious liberation starts with the conscious anticipation of final non-fulfillment, and if Russell were to answer what Immanuel Kant, among others, considered to be the fundamental question of philosophy, "*Quid sperandum est?*" (What is to be hoped for?), he would reply: "Nothing, finally."

In contrast to Bertrand Russell, Tom Wolfe (author of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*) has written an essay entitled "The Meaning of Freedom." The essay appeared as the lead article in the March 1988 issue of *Parameters*, published by the U.S. Army War College. It was originally delivered as a lecture to the cadets at West Point in October 1987, before the disordering "Revolutions of 1989."

Wolfe's article examines four phases of American freedom. He argues that America is now in "the fourth phase," which should be of particular concern to the United States' military officer corps. Wolfe writes:

> The fourth phase is freedom from religion. It is not freedom *of* religion; it is freedom *from* religion. . . . De Tocqueville said, in 1835,

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that American democracy was the freest form of government in the world, by which he also meant the most libertine; so free, in fact, that American society would have come apart had it not been for the internal discipline of the American people. This internal discipline, he said, was rooted in their profound devotion to religion. What we are now seeing is the earnest rejection of the constraints of religion in the second half of the 20th century; not just the rules of morality but even simple rules of conduct and ethics. . . .

You [the American military] are going to find yourselves required to be sentinels at the bacchanal. You are going to find yourself required to stand guard at the Lucullan feast against the Huns approaching from outside. You will have to be armed monks at the orgy.

If I use religious terminology, I use it on purpose. One of the most famous addresses ever delivered in this century by an American was the address on 12 May 1962, by Douglas MacArthur at West Point, in which he enunciated the watchwords of duty, honor, and country. . . . He said that the soldier, above all other men, is expected to practice the greatest act of religion: sacrifice.

But these Huns "approaching from outside" are also approaching from "within." What Whittaker Chambers once said in *Cold Friday* (1964) about communism's dialectical and historical materialism, we should say today about the continuing Long March of Freudian-Marxist "Critical Theory" through our cultural institutions:

> It seeks a molecular re-arrangement of the human mind. It promotes not only a new world. It promotes a new kind of man [i.e., the "revolutionary, democratic personality," not the "authoritarian personality"]. The physical revolutions which it once incited and now imposes, and which largely *distract our attention*, are secondary to this *internal revolution* which challenges each man in his mind and spirit.

Since many varieties of "religious liberty" also now promote this "internal revolution," what criteria and standards does natural law, rooted in reason, provide for our deeper discernment and patient prudence? I leave you with this challenge, and with these suggestive reflections, lest the order and mystery of religion itself, and the sacred, become a servant of disorder and anarchy.

In his 1990 book, *Myths of Modern Art*, Alberto Boixados, an Argentine professor of literature, quotes from Augusto del Noce's 1976 interview with a Madrid newspaper. The topic was Gramscian eurocommunism, and other indirect variants of cultural subversion. Introducing the words of del Noce, my venerable friend says:

> The conquest of power can no longer be achieved by traditional revolutionary means. Civil society must first be conquered, and then the state will collapse.
>
> And how will the conquest of culture come about? "By means of an alliance with middle-class intellectuals, with radical movements, with Catholic progressives and, most especially, with all the trends of modern Catholic theology."
>
> "In Italy," Professor del Noce continues, "all the essentials are under control: the publishing houses, the schools, quite a few universities, the judiciary." The confrontation in the fight to dominate the sources of culture is not between "the proletariat and the bourgeoisie" but between "tradition and modernity."
>
> A new culture and a new system of values are created precisely so that the freedom of ideas [about religion, as well] may be redefined. Gramsci also understood that the only hope of eliminating the Catholic Church was to undermine her and destroy her from within. Today's neo-modernist and demythofied theology was foreshadowed in Gramsci's thoughts at the beginning of the century. Knowing that Marxism and Catholicism are incompatible, he sought a compromise because he knew that the appeasers would end up in apostasy.

To what extent will appeasers of unlimited or unconditional "religious liberty" end up in apostasy, and maybe also despair? What is to be hoped for from natural law, in itself, without a fuller doctrine of light, and of love?

Robert D. Hickson is an instructor at the United States Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Dayton Discord

by Srdja Trifkovic

Dr. Biljana Plavsic can go back to her microscope now that she has failed to win re-election as president of Bosnia's Republika Srpska. A tenured professor at Sarajevo University, she was elected dean of the faculty of math and science in 1988.

As a respected scholar and community leader, she carried the most votes of any Serb candidate running in Bosnia's first post-World War II multi-party elections in 1990 and was elected to the presidency of Bosnia-Herzegovina as a representative of the Serbs. After war erupted in the spring of 1992, she became the vice president of the Republika Srpska. In June 1996, she became acting president of the Republic, and in the September 1996 elections she was elected president of the Republika Srpska for a two-year term.

Biljana Plavsic became head of state at a difficult time for the Republika Srpska, as it suffered from economic collapse and an extraordinarily unfavorable international position. Despite numerous difficulties and obstacles, President Plavsic managed to shatter the international isolation and moved to put an end to corruption and to the criminal activities which had taken hold of the country since the war years.

In her first interview after losing the 1998 general election, Biljana Plavsic explained to me the reason for her defeat.

Srdja Trifkovic: Madam President, during the campaign you had enjoyed the support of the international community, and under your leadership the Bosnian Serbs were beginning to emerge from international isolation. What went wrong?

Biljana Plavsic: My credibility was un-

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dermined by the constant escalation of demands on the Republic of Srpska—from various circles in the international community—to proceed ever more rapidly toward a centralized Bosnia-Herzegovina. Those demands went far beyond the terms of the Dayton Agreement, and often represented a clear violation of that agreement.

In the end my position proved to be untenable. You see, I was—and I still am—committed to Dayton, and I kept saying to my people that we would respect its terms. Had those terms been clearly acknowledged by the representatives of the "international community" as inviolable, I would still be president now, and Bosnia would have been a safer, stabler place. But some Western powers-that-be apparently just wouldn't take "yes" for an answer. They insisted on constant reinterpretations of the Dayton Agreement in favor of the alleged "spirit of Dayton"—the one that, in their rendition, implied "reintegration" of Bosnia.

As a consequence, many of our voters have grown apprehensive that my policy of cooperativeness with the international community was, in fact, tantamount to our Republic's quiet self-annihilation. Now, *that* would bring us back to square one, and create a real danger of another war. This legitimate fear of our people was exploited by my adversaries. But I would have found it easier to counter the demagoguery of some of my political opponents had there not been some substance in their allegations. Unfortunately, they could point out with some justification that the Serb side was still not being treated as an equal partner under Dayton, that the demands on us—for example, over the return of refugees—were much more stringent than in the Muslim-Croat Federation.

The evidence is overwhelming. To quote but one example, while Serbs returning to their homes in the Croat-controlled areas are getting murdered, and hardly any Serbs have been able to return to the Muslim-controlled Sarajevo, we are always singled out to adhere to some arbitrarily imposed schedules, quotas, and timetables.

ST: So what is the future of the Dayton Agreement now?

BP: We have had to accept many sacrifices for the sake of peace. All three constituent polities of Bosnia—Serbs, Croats, and Muslims—have supposedly compromised. But while there is almost universal condemnation in the West of that old bogey called "Serb nationalism," hardly anyone seems to notice—much less to criticize—the fact that the Muslims have not given up on their objective of creating a centralized Bosnia. This is because some powerful figures from the international community like to treat "Bosnia" as a project in social studies, and not a land inhabited by three distinct peoples, with very different traditions, collective memories, and self-perceptions. You can't play the game of "nation-building": Nations are developed through centuries, not "made."

ST: But frankly, is there a future for Bosnia under Dayton?

BP: Only if the agreement is respected by all sides in letter and not turned into a nebulous, all-embracing "spirit." As I repeatedly pointed out during my visit to the United States last May, on the ruins of a multi-ethnic, multicultural society that was Yugoslavia it is impossible to recreate such polity in miniature, and call it "Bosnia": The same root causes of discord are just as present. But if everyone is reconciled to the permanent solution based on Dayton—a very loose Bosnian state, consisting of two entities that have transferred some of their sovereignty to it—then such a Bosnia under Dayton still has a great future.

Srdja Trifkovic, the director of the Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies, is a corresponding editor for Chronicles.

A Bear in Sheep's Clothing

by Bob Djurdjevic

The oft-used term "America's European allies" is one of the greatest oxymorons of our time. "America's European vassals" would be more appropriate, for American policy is virtually destroying our so-called "allies," while aiding multinational corporations.

This is not unlike the Soviet bear's treatment of its Eastern European "allies" (read: minions), only more perfidious. The American bear has stuck its six big claws into the back of Madame Europe and is dragging her into its lair, while pretending to save her. (What she is to be saved from has been a mystery ever since the end of the Cold War and the demise of the Soviet bear.)

The first claw ripping into Europe is the European Union; the second is the euro; the third is the "Y2K" (though the United States cannot claim direct credit for that); the fourth and fifth are the two "enlargements"—E.U. and NATO expansion into Eastern Europe; the sixth is immigration. All six claws will eventually sap the competitive lifeblood out of the victim if the current trends continue.

The first claw—European integration, first economic, then political—is clearly being pushed by the Wall Street and Washington New World Order (NWO) globalists for the benefit of multinational companies. Just look at the assault launched by Wall Street bankers. Since 1992, the year the same crowd forced Europe to open its markets to foreign competition, Wall Street banks have consistently dominated Europe's mergers and acquisitions. In 1996, for example, U.S. banks accounted for two-thirds of all such deals. Morgan Stanley, Goldman Sachs, J.P. Morgan, and Merrill Lynch led the pack, according to a July 1997 *New York Times* report.

A further example of the top-down NWO coercion is that the Old Continent's electorates have clearly rejected the idea of pan-Europeanism, even as they voted for a pan-European parliament. Most representatives elected in June 1994, for example, came from the various European nationalist parties. Even in Germany, that bulwark of European integration, where Helmut Kohl's government has acted as a virtual U.S. government proxy on almost every issue, there has been a voter backlash. Kohl was defeated in the September elections by Social Democrats who were critical of the government's special relationship with NATO and the United States. This is more evidence that the 1991 Maastricht Treaty was an example of the globalist elite ramming the European Union idea down the Europeans' throats. The E.U.—like the United Nations bureaucracy—adds a significant tax burden over and above the costs of each national government. The E.U. bureaucracy also saps the Old Continent's creative and intellectual capital. Instead of using its talents to compete with American or

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Japanese competitors, Europe's best and the brightest are being deployed on unproductive administrative issues.

The same argument can be made about the second claw destroying Europe—the conversion of national currencies to the "euro." There is no doubt that the euro is a benefit to the hordes of European and U.S. consulting, legal, and accounting firms engaged in currency conversion projects, not to mention the banks, think tanks, or other leeches feeding off of productive economic activities. Similarly, the Harvard-inspired "reforms" in Russia in 1992-1994 meant an opportunity for the few (quislings and foreigners) to get rich at the expense of the many (Russians).

Meanwhile, the proponents of the euro argue that a common currency will lower transaction costs. But even if this is so, it will first raise them, and only companies which operate on a pan-European scale may benefit from the lowered costs. As for the rest—especially small businesses, the backbone of most European economies—the euro will mostly mean additional expenses and diminishing national sovereignty.

And then there are the political risks associated with the euro. "The new currency will become the target of allocation conflicts, the magnet for political action and the putty between continental forces," noted a July 1998 Bertelsmann Forum report. "The 'euro' could force a major process of financial compensation throughout Europe, thus triggering conflicts of a new intensity."

The third claw tearing into the back of Europe is the "Y2K" problem, the so-called "Millennium Bug." The Y2K, of course, afflicts all of the industrialized world, not only Europe. But both Europe and Japan, the two major competitors of U.S.-based multinationals, are at least 9 to 12 months behind the United States in addressing this issue, according to a recent CIA study. Now, 9 to 12 months may not sound like much in some industries, where changes are measured in years or decades. But this is quite a setback for Europe in the high-tech world. Personal computer product cycles have been reduced to about 12 months. The Internet has shrunk the "Web year" from 12 months to about 90 days. In short, the Y2K is likely to set Europe back even further relative to the United States than it is today.

The fourth and the fifth claws of the U.S.-inspired European self-destruction are the two "enlargements"—extending E.U. membership to some Eastern European countries and expanding NATO. As German reunification has clearly shown, even uniting two countries which share ethnic and cultural identities is a Herculean task—and a very expensive one. The enormous costs of reunification have brought the treasury of the largest European economy practically to its knees. Since October 1990, the West Germans have poured more than $100 billion every year into East Germany to make their poorer brethren feel like equals at the family dinner table. Yet eight years later, many East Germans still feel like second-class citizens in their own country, which only goes to show that one cannot buy happiness or a sense of well-being with money.

Now multiply the difficulties and expenses of German integration by a factor of 20 or more in order to appreciate the devastating impact that "enlargement" will have on taxpayers. The agricultural sector in Eastern Europe, for example, is still of crucial importance for employment and income generation in those countries. Yet agricultural production in Eastern Europe is currently about 30 percent of that in the E.U. countries and prices are only around 50-70 percent of E.U. levels, according to the Bertelsmann Forum report. Adding only ten Eastern European countries to the E.U. would increase its cultivated acreage by 44 percent. Economics 101 would suggest that such a sharp increase in agricultural production would lower the cost of food throughout Europe. But don't count on it. For that's where Socialism 101 comes in: The "enlargement" would actually lead to a "substantially increased burden on the EU budget," the Bertelsmann Forum concluded. Why? Because E.U. bureaucrats subsidize Western European farmers with guaranteed prices, instead of allowing free market competition to take place.

And then there is NATO "enlargement," the fifth claw in Madame Europe's back. Most people think that this is about "European security" since that's what the establishment media tell us, but it is not. How could it be when there is no enemy in sight for thousands of miles? NATO enlargement is about enlarging the wallets of U.S. death merchants—by the tens of billions of dollars which the new members will have to spend to bring their armed forces up to NATO standards. Another boon for U.S. multinationals; another burden for European taxpayers.

This brings us to the sixth claw stuck in Europe's back—its liberal immigration policy, mirroring that in the United States. Ostensibly pursued in the name of "multiculturalism," it is actually a euphemism for helping big business lower its labor rates.

Just as the "browning of America" since the Immigration and Naturalization Act of 1965 has been "a demographic event of seismic proportions," according to Peter Brimelow, a *Fortune* magazine editor and author of *Alien Nation*, helping to destroy the cohesion of mostly Christian Europe has been the agenda of the same materialistic globalist crowd. Enter the millions of *Gastarbeiter* ("guest workers") from Turkey, Algeria, Albania, Tunisia, and Middle Eastern countries, and by the time they multiply and/or bring their brethren along, Europe will have lost its cultural identity, just as we are losing it in the United States. We will both become "continents of mutts"; full of the "Full Monties"—desperate, destitute, and displaced indigenous workers, like those depicted in the British film.

Now take all six globalist bear claws together—build-up of the E.U. bureaucracy, the euro, the Y2K, the two enlargements, and immigration—ripping and gripping at Europe *simultaneously*! Only the devil himself could have devised such a way to "help" Europe.

The globalists' "thesis" is a centralized, integrated European Union; but the "antithesis," resulting from a popular backlash against this devil's plan, may be Europe Undone, i.e., a disintegration of Europe.

No surprise there. Almost five centuries ago (in 1513), Niccolo Machiavelli wrote in *The Prince*: "There is nothing more difficult to plan, more doubtful of success, nor more dangerous to manage—than the creation of a new order of things." I guess the New World Order globalists haven't read anything written prior to Karl Marx.

The death of NATO and/or of the E.U. would not be a bad outcome for American or European taxpayers, if such useless institutions were the only things to die as the globalists' New World Order crumbles. But the possibility of another Greco-Turkish conflict engulfing all of Europe in a World War I-style confrontation between the great powers sends shivers down one's spine. The end

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result may be the loss of millions of lives again, perhaps forever dooming U.S. influence on the Old Continent, just as World War I ended the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

What kind of Europe may emerge from all this? A feudal one: not in terms of the tools of production, but in the sense that nation-states may break up into smaller, more manageable regional statelets, mostly along ethnic lines.

If so, this may be a round-about way to realize an old idea. At the time of full-blown globalism in post-Cold War Europe, the idea sounded so "off the wall" that even its author called it "Eurotopia." Professor A.H. Heineken of the Amsterdam-based *Stichting voor de Historische Wetenshap* (Historical Research Institute), dusted off some old ideas and polished them up into a proposal for a "United States of Europe." According to his plan, Europe's 350 million inhabitants would live in 75 independent states, each with a population of about five to ten million.

Why the five-to-ten million limit? "Because where the population exceeds 10 million, there is a manifest case for decentralization," as C. Northcote Parkinson argued in his 1970 report. In other words, it's a matter of efficiency. "A state of 30 to 50 million is hopelessly inefficient," Professor Heineken concurred. A state of 150 million inhabitants or more could only be much worse.

Both Heineken and Parkinson drew upon the ideas of Austrian sociologist Leopold Kohr, who wrote in *The Breakdown of Nations* (1957) that "it is always bigness, and only bigness, which is the problem of existence—social, as well as physical." Yet here are Wall Street and Washington still trying to build ever bigger institutions—both at home and abroad! If a "feudal" Europe were to emerge from the ruins of the globalist New World Order, it would certainly spell the end of the world as we know it, but not the end of the world. What emerges after a fire or an avalanche wreaks havoc in a forest? A life richer and more vibrant than the one which the cataclysm had destroyed.

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MEDIA

Rich Snit

by Janet Scott Barlow

Frank Rich, op-ed columnist for the *New York Times*, is an annoying public presence. He is paid by the Newspaper of Record to work himself into a twice-weekly snit, his love of the snit-state making clear that he would do it all for free if he had to. Rich spends much of his professional time in high outrage over the actions or ideas of politicians, especially conservative politicians. He is often wrong, of course, but who cares? Not political Washington, which simply ignores him, although this surely would come as news to Frank Rich.

But even inconsequential public voices can go too far. In his column of June 27, Frank Rich got his shorts in a wad over—well, over Ozzie and Harriet. It seems that the Nelsons and their long-running television comedy, *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, were responsible for chronic emotional pain during the years of Rich's TV-watching boyhood. Both young Frank and his divorced, working mom were made to feel "woefully deficient" by *Ozzie and Harriet*, a show that "created the cultural template for suburban family values in the postwar era." Chief among those values was the importance to a family of the presence of a father, a value the grown-up Frank Rich, to close his tortured loop of thought, now dismisses as a highly suspect "truism."

As if all that weren't bad enough, here comes the knife-twist in Rich's still fresh wounds, the final injustice: He should never have had to suffer in the first place. It has come to light that the TV Nelson family was not simply a filmed version of the real-life Nelson family. You see, they made a lot of that stuff up, and the resultant entertainment product was, it can now be said, "unrealistic." Having just discovered that fact, Frank Rich, all inadequate and deficient, is pained anew: Those hundreds of hours of *Ozzie and Harriet* were, my God, *just a television show*!

As one of many who "grew up measuring our homes against the Nelson ideal—and finding them wanting," Frank Rich now has his revenge. A new Nelson family documentary, shown on the cable show *Biography*, reveals that the off-screen Ozzie and Harriet and their sons endured problems, conflicts, and heartaches, a revelation that renders the Nelsons, as Rich puts it, "naked at last."

And what were the deceitful Nelsons doing when they weren't busy misleading young Frank Rich about the nature of family life? It seems that Ozzie, rather than wandering around the house and grinning, as he did on television, worked long and hard to create success for himself and his family. Harriet? Brace yourself—not only did she not stand around the kitchen wearing an apron, she partook of a cocktail now and then. What's more, the ideas "propagated" by the Nelsons' TV show were, according to Frank Rich, essentially hypocritical since the Nelsons were "both itinerant show people before they married"—meaning, I suppose, that having a past which varies from your present makes your present, *ipso facto*, a sham.

I watched *Biography* on the same evening as did Frank Rich. What I saw was a father who did, as fathers sometimes do, the best he could for his children without truly trying to understand his children. I saw the story of a couple who stayed married, apparently happily, for decades, a couple whose grandchildren speak of them today with real love. I saw a family in which one son, Ricky, lost his way in middle-age and made deadly choices long after blaming his father for his problems was an option. I saw, in other words, a real family. What Frank Rich saw was a "stink bomb" in which the effect of Ozzie Nelson's work habits rendered irrelevant his parenting skills—a fact that, according to Rich's logic, now challenges the validity of the need for a father in the home. If he's just going to screw up, who needs Dad? And how do we know Dad? How else: He's the one who screws up.

The gist of Frank Rich's column was this: "The discrepancy between who the Nelsons were and what they preached [has become] a lasting model for hypocritical public discourse." He must be working under the burden of one snit too many. *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* was probably the least "preachy" show ever on television, and Rich's use of that term reveals not only his defensiveness, but the reason he finds his way so easily to the word *hypocritical*. I too

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watched *Ozzie and Harriet* when I was growing up in a home in which both parents worked at factory jobs. (Unlike Mr. Rich, we did not consider the Nelson family "omnipresent," probably because we often made the choice not to watch the show.) Whatever mild appeal *Ozzie and Harriet* had for us came from the fact that Ozzie was a doofus. And part of the reason he was a doofus (albeit a likable doofus) was that real dads didn't spend their days meandering in and out of the kitchen. Real dads went to work. As for Harriet, there was general agreement among us that she was, it must be said, boring. The only way we could have felt woefully deficient at my house was if our parents *had* been like Ozzie and Harriet. We saw no models on their show and discerned no lessons from it. And we certainly didn't hear preaching or seek reality. When we wanted preaching, we went to church. When we wanted reality, we turned the set *off*.

But that was my house, where TV was looked upon as mere entertainment. In the Rich household, expectations were higher: that television refrain from presenting families that did not reflect the realities of the Rich family; that, indeed, television refrain from making anyone in the Rich family feel deficient, especially woefully so. That seems a *lot* to ask of a medium that each of us is, after all, fully free to ignore. In any event, one might assume that with the arrival of the 1980's and a veritable circus of TV sitcoms about single working moms, Frank Rich's mother, if not Mr. Rich himself, would have experienced, via television, some sense of personal affirmation. It was not to be. While Frank Rich's mother "lived long enough to feel vindicated," her vindication came not through *Murphy Brown* or the like, but through her "children and grandchildren."

Precisely. The only vindication to be found in life is earned, not conferred; it comes from within, not without; and its source is our interchange not with popular culture, but with loved ones. With the example of his own mother, Frank Rich kicked the props from beneath his argument. One hopes that, like his mother, Mr. Rich has earned, through his relationship to family, a sense of vindication, validation, and affirmation. One hopes, most of all, that Mr. Rich's inner child now feels completely free from woeful deficiency.

But if he still feels emotionally put upon, Frank Rich can be assured that help has arrived. In a column published just three days after his *Ozzie and Harriet* confessional, Rich discussed an episode of *Seinfeld* in which Kramer accidentally set afire a Puerto Rican flag and then tried to stomp the fire out. While he conceded that viewers "have the right to protest" such images, Rich went on to recommend a more distanced philosophical perspective: "It is a sitcom, for Heaven's sake."

Now, as far as I can tell, one of two things happened there. Either Frank Rich determined that one man's snit is another man's sitcom, or he finally found closure for his *Ozzie and Harriet* problem.

Janet Scott Barlow writes from Cincinnati, Ohio. Her website, "Out Here: Commentary from Middle America on Politics and Culture," can be accessed at www.Out-Here.org.

FAMILY

Gingerbread Joshua

by Laurel Van Maren

I was baking gingerbread men. It was my three-year-old's idea, but his 13-year-old brother thought it would be a great thing to have on his own birthday the next day. I had to go out and buy the cookie-cutters because, at the age of 40 and as the mother of five sons, I am ashamed to say that I didn't own any. I did have some teeny ones, two tiny men and an angel, but no proper sized cookie-cutters. I made a late run to the store and hurried home, and as I rolled out the dough and cut the little guys out, I felt a root of bitterness in my heart. I took one of the tiny gingerbread man cookie-cutters and, out of the center of one of the larger cookies, cut the shape of the tinier man.

"There," I said to my husband, showing him the cookie man *sans* his tiny inside self. "This is Joshua. He has lost touch with his inner child."

Last year our 16-year-old son, Joshua, left home—for good, my husband thinks. Unlike the gingerbread man, he isn't a runaway; he is a walkaway. He calmly told me he was leaving, kissed me and his little brothers goodbye, and walked out. We found out he was smoking dope and confronted him, grounding him until further notice. He had made big plans for homecoming that weekend and decided that he would rather walk out than submit. He would rather smoke dope than obey; he would rather lie than tell us, or himself, the truth; he would rather be selfish than face duty and responsibility.

During a long confrontation with his Dad, he had once had the gall to say, "You've lost touch with your inner child!" "I hope you laughed in his face," I told my husband. Joshua's inner child is a spoiled brat, and I suppose a lot of that is our fault. We'd sure like to get in touch with it now and give it a good switching, but it's too late. Our gingerbread boy is gone, and I don't think we can catch him.

He had the decency to come home for his brother's birthday, but other than that he has only called twice. For the first couple of weeks, we didn't know where he was staying from one day to the next. Our caller I.D. showed the number of the fast-food restaurant where he works. One call was to try to get the money he had put away for college so that he could find an apartment, and the other was because he thought he was breaking out in hives and wanted some medicine. I should have told him to call one of the single moms who all seem so willing to put up vagrant irresponsible boys for a few days and ask her for mothering. I think he could stay in single-parent homes until doomsday. Teens today have learned one modern technique that is serving them well—networking.

One mother did take the time to call and ask what was going on with Joshua. She is the mother of the boy with whom he was smoking "herbs," as they so casually refer to marijuana. She is a very decent woman, employed in a branch of law enforcement (I won't mention in what capacity, but let's just say that smoking "herbs" is like playing hearts compared to the kids she deals with). When this escapade came to light, she gave her son a drugs version of the "safe sex" philosophy. These arguments are wonderfully interchangeable: If you are going to "do it," be sensible and responsible; don't "do it" and drive; don't let "it" interfere with school; don't let "it" get you into trouble; be smart; be safe. The "it" could

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be anything—sex, drugs, smoking, gluttony, adultery, avarice, sodomy—you fill in the sin, ancient or modern. Maybe we need a new federal ad campaign: "Sin safe, sin smart. Responsible sinners know their limits. Remember, Hell is just a matter of perspective."

Anyway, she was willing to take him in and wanted to let us know that, and she promised to keep in contact with us. She is the only one who called. It amazes me that an adult will take in a kid without talking to his parents. Who knows what sort of story teens tell these compassionate suckers who give them a warm bed and a decent meal. "My Dad beats me" (no, but your mother wishes he would); "My parents don't love me" (which means that we don't like some of the typical teen behavior); "My Mom never lets me use the phone or go out with my friends" (after nine o'clock on school days); "My parents just don't understand" (how you can be such a selfish brat).

I didn't have the heart to give my runaway boy the hollow cookie man when he came home for the birthday supper. He would have understood the symbolism, and it would have hurt him—and me. I couldn't bear to give it to any of the other four boys, much less to throw it away. Symbols are imbued with meaning, and I am too superstitious. Later in the week, after much thought, I decided to play the part of the fox myself as an act of penance for making it in such a fit of spite. Thinking a little sugar would make it easier, I started to frost the empty soul, and he fell apart in my hands. He is too fragile. He cannot take the pressure.

Laurel Van Maren writes from Fort Collins, Colorado.

LIBERAL ARTS

WHITE, BLACK, ENGLISH

"Tony Bolton won a racial discrimination case against the Scottish firm he used to work for. He had suffered verbal and physical abuse and had been subjected to dangerous practical jokes—simply because he was English."

—*from Jean Rafferty, "Scotch Wrath"* (Sunday Times Magazine *(London), October 4, 1998)*

HISTORY

Two Centuries of Resolve

by K.R. Constantine Gutzman

This year is the bicentennial of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, the foremost formulations of the compact theory of the United States Constitution. By 1798, the Republicans faced an 11-year losing streak. Federalism had reigned supreme in American politics from the end of the Revolution. Even before the institution of the government of 1787, Republicans (the name used first by the Anti-Federalists and later by the larger but overlapping group of political allies of Thomas Jefferson) feared its consequences. Virtually all of their gloomy prognostications, as Virginia Federalist Henry Lee soon conceded, were borne out by the actions of the first Congress under the new Constitution.

The tariff adopted by that Congress was of precisely the sectional character that Virginia Republicans such as William Grayson, George Mason, and Patrick Henry had predicted during the Old Dominion's debate over ratification. More importantly, despite his assurances to the contrary in the Richmond Convention of 1788, James Madison moved to insure that the first amendments to the Constitution would have no real substance.

Henry and Mason saw their pet proposals—a supermajority requirement for tariff legislation and reduction of the new Congress's discretion to tax—go virtually unnoted. Virginia's new senators, Grayson and former Continental Congress President Richard Henry Lee, were disgusted to note that they were the lone Republicans in the new Senate.

Federalism was ascendant, and some of the opponents of ratification resolved to let the new government collapse under its own weight. Thomas Jefferson was persuaded to become George Washington's first secretary of state, but the brilliant, young Alexander Hamilton had outsmarted him. Following the example of former British Prime Minister Robert Walpole, Hamilton ensconced himself in the real locus of power in the new government: the Department of the Treasury.

Soon, the Federalist-dominated Congress had complied with Hamilton's pleas to assume the states' debts. Over the constitutional objections of Secretary Jefferson, it created the national bank Hamilton wanted. Eventually, excises were imposed, and President Washington rode out at the head of an army to enforce them. In foreign policy, Hamilton moved to cement America's trade relations with Great Britain by toeing the English line *vis-à-vis* France.

Eventually, the Jay Treaty, negotiated by Chief Justice John Jay, carried tacit alliance with England to a point most Americans apparently interpreted as subordination. The treaty did virtually nothing to stop naval impressments or to provide Americans with compensation for slaves stolen by the British during the Revolution. The populace was incensed. France, America's first foreign ally and the key benefactor of the Continental Army in the Revolution, reacted angrily, even aggressively.

Republicans were dismayed. Their preference for an agrarian polity had been subordinated to Hamilton's preference for manufactures, mercantilism, and a strong military establishment. Virginia's French tobacco market was threatened, to boot.

What could make matters worse? When George Washington retired after two terms as President, the throne was filled by John Adams. Adams had roused Republicans' suspicions in several ways. As Vice President, he had initiated a movement in the first days of the first Senate to address the President (and thus, the Vice President) by honorific titles. He had himself driven in an ostentatious coach, and (unfortunately for his political career) he let slip to several prominent Republicans (including two Virginia senators) that he did not expect republicanism to survive in America without an admixture of hereditary tenure in the Senate and, perhaps, in the executive branch. Republicans, particularly Virginia Republicans (some of whom had helped to persuade an exhausted Washington to serve a second term as chief magistrate), knew that George Washington could have made a bid for monarchical power if he had wanted to, and they were grateful that he had not betrayed their trust. When John

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Adams aroused suspicions, he had no such reservoir of good will to sustain him.

French antagonism toward the new republic flowered in Adams' term, and Adams and his Federalist-dominated Congress responded with extensive military preparations. They also enacted the Alien and Sedition Acts, a group of legislative measures whose ostensible aim was to allow President Adams to keep a tight rein on Frenchmen and other foreigners whose activities might threaten America in war-time.

The Alien Friends Act, which gave Adams untrammeled power over "threatening" aliens from friendly countries, was understood by Republican leaders as an attempt to intimidate one of their own, Swiss-born Congressman Albert Gallatin. The Sedition Act, which banned criticism of the President and criticism of Congress (though not criticism of Republican Vice President Jefferson), provoked a firestorm.

Several editors, and even a Republican member of Congress, served federal prison terms under the Sedition Act. The most inane comments about Adams landed men in the pokey. The two leading lights in the Republican galaxy, Jefferson and former congressman James Madison, corresponded in code or not at all for fear that censors were reading their private mail. Jefferson remarked that he was ashamed to think that the Vice President of the United States was not free to say what he thought in his own country.

Having failed to win elections for Congress and for President, the Republican high command fell back on what Jefferson called "the last ditch": the Republican-dominated state legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky. It might be that Republicans were going to lose the argument in Congress, but if they could go over the heads of the Federalists (whose strength in Congress in 1798 was as great as it would ever be), directly to the people of the states, they might have their way.

Jefferson, ever sanguine about his fellow citizens, assumed that Americans had been duped by wily Federalists, especially by the clique around Alexander Hamilton. Unlike some of his leading lieutenants, such as Virginians John Taylor of Caroline and William Branch Giles, Jefferson thought that exposing Federalist "heresies" would bring the people to their senses.

Taylor and Giles both urged Jefferson to consider carving up the union. Jefferson believed that the fissioning process, once initiated, would not stop until Virginia was completely isolated, and he told Taylor that he would prefer to keep the union with New England. Unlike Jefferson, the philosopher from Caroline County would have preferred to bring matters to a head. Even if Republicans managed to supplant the ruling clique, he wanted thorough-going amendments to the Constitution, amendments forever precluding a resuscitation of Hamilton's "corruption" of the Congress. A Southern despotism over the North, Taylor reasoned, would be as bad as a Northern one over the South.

Taylor sponsored the Virginia Resolutions, composed by Madison, in the Virginia House of Delegates, while Giles carried them in the Virginia Senate. Expecting further action later, Taylor willingly followed the tactical preference of his chieftain from Albemarle. Wilson Cary Nicholas saw to the adoption of Jefferson's version by the legislature of Kentucky, then only recently elevated to the status of a state—and still dominated by Virginians.

Jefferson based his terse, forceful pronouncement on the First Amendment to the Constitution and on the compact theory of the federal government. He insisted, on grounds that now seem banal but which at the time were novel, that the free speech and press provisions of that amendment banned Congress from enacting the Sedition Act. That act, he declared, was nothing more than a usurpation, void *ab initio*, and—in a phrase dropped from the version finally adopted by Kentucky but judged by the Virginia House of Delegates to be implicit in claims of unconstitutionality—"of no force or effect."

Jefferson also argued that the Constitution's very structure made the Sedition Act unconstitutional. The federal compact, like any other compact, was one solely of delegated powers. Since the power to enact a sedition act, to ban speech judged untoward or inconvenient by the government, had not been granted to the Congress, that body had no such power. *Pace* the Federalists, there was no general power of the federal government to legislate for the "common defense and general welfare."

The Wall

by Robert A. Hall

He traces names, maneuvering the chair
against the slope. The panels stretch out black
and still. Each year he vows he'll not be back,
but every bitter April finds him there.
The first few names of friends are low. But four
are cut up high, and he would need a leg
to stand and trace them. So he has to beg
for help from strangers innocent of war.

Two years ago he pushed his wheels to where
the leader lives. He'd stared across the lawn
beyond the bars—the tourists had all gone—
then cursed and spat upon the ground. A pair
of guards had turned away without a nod.
—You'd think that it would break the heart of God.

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Jefferson pointed to the Tenth Amendment in support of this mode of reasoning, but his reading of the Constitution was based in a tradition that made the Tenth Amendment merely a truism. Of course the Congress did not have any powers that had not been explicitly granted. How else could a written constitution be understood? Jefferson may not have known that in the Richmond Ratification Convention of 1788 the Federalists had said that the Constitution would be interpreted as a compact among the states and that the Congress would possess only the powers "explicitly" delegated. (John Marshall, a leading opponent of the Virginia Resolutions, denied this reading's legitimacy in 1798 despite his participation in the Richmond Convention.)

Faced with federal arrogations in the face of the Constitution's explicit wording, the states had no alternative, as Jefferson saw it, but to prevent enforcement of the "nullity" Congress had enacted. Madison's formulation, adopted by Virginia, said the states were "in duty bound" to "interpose" between their creature and their creators.

Madison's word, "interposition," would be picked up by Virginians a century and a half later in a different argument over local self-government, in the wake of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Jefferson's draft included a word, "nullify," that was to have even more explosive resonance. While James Madison denied in the midst of the nullification controversy of the 1830's that either he or Jefferson had ever contemplated action by a single state, various other actors in Virginia in 1798-1800 spoke openly of secession and of armed resistance to federal usurpation. Jefferson, however, explained in a letter written at the time that he intended the Kentucky Resolutions more as a threat than as a call to arms.

Americans today find the idea of state resistance to unconstitutional federal acts offensive, even seditious, but the Republicans of the 1790's thought that the states' primary duty was to maintain their citizens' liberty. Patrick Henry told the Richmond Convention of 1788 that liberty, not union, must be their pre-eminent concern. While he and his allies lost on the question of ratification, they elicited the Federalist concession that the new Constitution was a compact. That concession was the basis of Virginia's ratification, and it laid the groundwork for the "Principles of '98." Virginians ratified a union of states, not of provinces. John Adams was defeated in the "Revolution of 1800" on the basis of Virginia's understanding of the Constitution, and thus of the union. The Virginia Doctrine lasted down to 1865, when it was defeated by force, not constitutional argument, but Jeffersonian republicans have continued ever since to base their argument for limited government on the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798.

K.R. Constantine Gutzman is a graduate student in American history at the University of Virginia.

FILM

The Bishop's Wife (1947)
Directed by Henry Koster
B&W, 109 minutes

This Christmas season, turn off the multi-colored stories of red-nosed reindeer and talking snowmen, put the younger kids to bed, and rent *The Bishop's Wife*, which can be found in the classics section of many video stores.

The Bishop's Wife tells the story of a young Episcopalian clergyman (played by David Niven) who has become so obsessed with building a new cathedral, and with the cultivating of the wealthy that this requires, that he is in danger of losing both his vocation and his wife (a glowing Loretta Young). The story unfolds at Christmas in an unnamed city, possibly New York—an unbelievably clean, safe, civilized, and rosy-cheeked New York. (It wasn't so long ago.)

Cary Grant, never more charming, is the bishop's new young assistant, who, it turns out, is an angel sent to readjust Niven's attitude. He succeeds in this—and in brightening the lives of everyone around him—without the need for any expensive special effects. Imagine, if you can, a film that affirms the power of prayer, the wisdom and benevolence of the Almighty, and the value of civilized life and manners. A film which teaches against materialism without preaching socialism. A film which recognizes the attraction between men and women without descending into vulgarity. *The Bishop's Wife* will make you regret the decline of American civilization and long for the return of Christmas Past.

—*Clyde Wilson*

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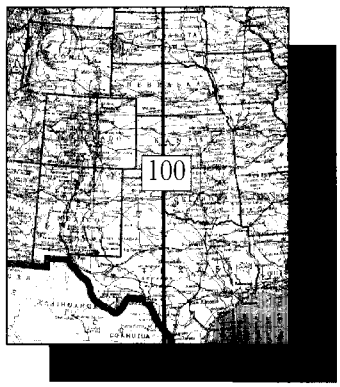
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Writing the West

The Northwest strikes me as a better place than the Southwest to live in—fewer people, better hunting, plenty of invigorating Arctic air and the cold dry snow—but the Southwest, probably, offers greater advantages for the Western writer. The presence of the Spanish and Mexicans, the more developed Indian populations, and the clashes between these and the Yankee pioneers and soldiers in the region give its history a more dense and interesting texture than that of the north; the winning of the Southwest was contemporaneous with the rise of the popular culture industry, which was quick to exploit tales of gunfighters and Indian wars; while the populational shift to the Sunbelt in the last 30 years has given Americans a familiarity with the Southwestern culture and landscape that they do not have with the cold and remote Northwest, which for them means grizzly bears and bison, Yellowstone Park, and snow-blocked highways in June. I published three books set in Wyoming before the unpleasant truth dawned that it was probably easier to sell one with a Southwestern milieu, and I headed south with the new book almost finished to find inspiration on location for completing the last few chapters.

In good Western writing the landscape, besides serving as backdrop, is both the third-person narrator and the hidden central character as well. But just as novelists (unlike painters) rarely work with the living models for their representations in front of them or even within casual reach, the best place for a writer to write may not be "on location" but at a distance, forcing him to recreate the country he is writing about rather than simply describe it. Ed Abbey wrote some of his best evocations of the Southwest from his pad in Hoboken, New Jersey—and *vice versa*. Laura Ingalls Wilder—by all odds the greatest writer of the American West—wrote her eight books removed hundreds of miles from their geographical setting, and 50- to 60-odd years from the events they relate. In my own case, lack of time and money, not aesthetic planning, explains the completion of a 757-page, 146,553-word



typescript about a horseback journey of over a thousand miles—from Moab, Utah, to northern Mexico—described entirely from memory, except for a stretch of approximately 100 miles between Holbrook, Arizona, and Quemado, New Mexico. Of course, even working from an informed imagination, I paid (not a high price, as it happened) for my presumption. The Little Colorado, draining the high plateau country south of the Petrified Forest, was less than a tenth the size I had imagined it—although I had everything else right, almost, the trickle of red viscous water in its tiny canyon being a perfect miniature of the river I had described. Back to the drawing board: Novelists know how to get around inconvenient *impedimenta* like this. I imagine astrophysicists, though not car repairmen, work the same way.

The wide shallow valley through which the Little Colorado flows past St. John's, Arizona, on its way from its rising in the White Mountains to its rendezvous with the big Colorado where the greater river enters the Grand Canyon, was covered in early June with soft sea-colored grass and blue sagebrush lifting into dark green juniper breaks, resembling the African veldt. St. John's, which is approximately one-third Mormon, one-third Catholic, and one-third Protestant (Baptist, Assembly of God), has three restaurants. I chose the Catholic one (it had a saloon adjacent to it and served booze) and was waited on by a girl of 20, who belonged to the Assembly. "I'd never leave, I can't imagine living anywhere else," she said. "There's not much in St. John's, but you've got what you need. You've got your Circle K, your IGA, your . . . ." Since the littleness of the Little Colorado *did* present a literary problem, however minor, I asked her if the river was ever known to get up any. "Oh yes," she said, "in the monsoon season. It just flows everywhere then." I hadn't known that Arizona north of the Mogollon Rim was subject to monsoons and asked her when they began. "June 24th," she answered promptly. "They last through the end of August and then, right away, it's fall around here." I was impressed with the preciseness of her meteorological knowledge until Jane Coleman, over 200 miles south near Portal, informed me that June 24th as the date for the start of the monsoon season is folk wisdom in Arizona. Still, here was part of the way around the problem, anyway. Add a daily cloudburst to the story and Jeb Stuart Ryder and John-Wayne Bilagody could be floating around in the river, as previously described, without loss of accuracy or verisimilitude.

Jane Candia Coleman, recipient of a couple of Golden Spur Awards and the author of two novels, *Doc Holliday's Woman* and *I, Pearl Hart*, as well as several short story collections and volumes of poetry, is married to Glenn G. Boyer, the world's foremost authority on Wyatt Earp, whose family he has been acquainted with from boyhood. I had been in touch with Jane by phone since late winter, but she and Glenn run a dude ranch of sorts for visiting Earpomaniacs (Glenn's term) and others, and we had been unable to get together on a mutually feasible date for a meeting. Now it was late September, the typescript of my own book, "The Last Westerner," had been completed for a full month, and still I had not met Jane and Glenn, or visited the Peloncillo and Chiricahua Mountains to refresh my memory of another piece of country I had already finished writing about. From Las Cruces I made a call one evening to eastern Arizona where Jane was locking the house for the night, while Glenn turned the mastiffs out to prowl. No Earpomaniacs were expected for another couple of weeks, and for once the timing seemed right. We arranged that I should arrive around five in the evening, Arizona Standard Time, at the ranch, where a blue gate with a large sign on it (BEWARE OF DOGS:

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HONK FOR ADMITTANCE) would be standing open at the end of the drive. I had word of Glenn's dogs from David Lawrence, a friend in Los Angeles, and it seemed a good plan to approach the Coleman-Boyer residence protected by a suit of the Ford Motor Company's strongest four-wheel-drive armor.

I threw a tent and other camp gear in the truck bed and drove west from Las Cruces on Interstate 10 toward the Arizona border, with the temperature in the mid-90's and a 25-mile-an-hour breeze blowing from the southwest. Between Las Cruces and Deming, a distance of 52 miles, there is little to see but the vast sotol and mesquite plain stretching away to the Florida Mountains and, north of the Floridas, the granitic hound's-tooth called Cooke's Peak, elevation 8,404 but appearing much taller above a landscape as flat and uniform as a Wal-Mart parking lot. West of Deming the view becomes more compelling as the mountains of the Gila show on the northern horizon, the Burro Mountains face off against the rugged topography of New Mexico's bootheel, and, in the West, the Peloncillos and Chiricahuas take shape along the Arizona line, with Mt. Graham standing like a tilted blue coffin behind them. It is another 58 miles to Lordsburg, 14 on to Road Forks, and six to the state line and Stein's Ghost Town, which I am hoping to add to the literary map of the United States. Here Jeb Ryder, John-Wayne, and the Mexican revolutionary brigade make a run for it across the tracks and the night-time highway, alarming a party of Mexican picnickers who mistake them for ghost riders. A question: Which side of the highway do the railroad tracks run on? (I couldn't remember.) And another: What is the country immediately south of the interstate like? (I remembered rolling desert hills, with a few poor ranches among them as well.) In the case of Stein's, all was as I recalled the place from several years ago, except for the length of highway between the ghost town and the summit immediately west of it. Another tuck to be taken here. I made a few notes and sat up in the creosote hills for a while, listening to the thunder of hooves on gravel, the squeal of mules, and the shouts of the Mexican families as, calling upon the Blessed Virgin to protect them, they abandoned their cook fire and fled into the darkness. You don't make any money and today getting published is a crap shoot. But writing novels *does* add another dimension to life, even if it's only your own.

From Stein's Ghost Town south to the Coleman-Boyer ranch immediately across the Arizona border from Rodeo, New Mexico, made the last 31 miles. Being observant people, novelists give good directions, and I found the place without difficulty; the blue gate, however, was chained and the hand-lettered sign bigger than life. *Que hacer?* I am unafraid of dogs, but then a mastiff is not a dog, he is a legend—almost a supernatural being. HONK FOR ADMITTANCE, the sign said. So I did. When nothing appeared but two blue ticks or heelers coming down the drive with their tails wagging to give me a friendly Western greeting, I got out of the truck, opened the gate, and drove through. I was walking back to close it when a big man wearing boots, jeans, and a hunting vest over a snapbutton shirt appeared around a corner of the house. "Hello Mr. Boyer," I said. The inside pocket of the vest concealed a pistol, of course.

Jane and I introduced ourselves in the perfunctory, ironic way of people who have been talking on the telephone for months, and the three of us went indoors for drinks. I had been in the house an hour before I saw it was a doublewide, with rooms and an expansive sunporch built on. "People have come out here in the middle of the night," Glenn said. He reached beside his chair and drew up an enormous revolver, Smith & Wesson's original .357 Magnum with an eight-and-three-quarter-inch barrel. "No one's going to surprise *me* where I can't get hold of a gun." If Second OK Corral is so far a battle of the books only, that is because the anti-Boyer gang lacks the courage to send their bullets where they shoot their mouths toward. In *The Suppressed Murder of Wyatt Earp, I Married Wyatt Earp, Wyatt Earp's Tombstone Vendetta,* and other works, Glenn Boyer has tried to keep a promise he made many years ago to Wyatt's niece, Estelle Miller, to promote what is true in the Earp legend. For Glenn his vow entails, in part, portraying Earp neither as thug nor popular saint but rather as a decent and courageous man who possessed the ability to inspire men to follow him. In this effort, he appears to have succeeded. "That [this] view is now generally considered accurate by most Earpomaniacs can be attributed to one man—Glenn Boyer," the *Tucson Weekly* concluded recently. "Even if they stole it, or plagiarized it, or failed to credit him for it, or even claimed he made part of it up, it's the one tale everyone else is trying to tell." "Everyone else" means, especially, Casey Tefertiller, author of *Wyatt Earp—The Life Behind the Legend,* who claims Boyer has been "discredited," and Gary Roberts, a Georgia professor offended by Boyer's want of "historical method," his literary approach to writing history, and his refusal to share much of his research with people who treat him rudely. Of course, there are others. "I often get love letters like this to greet me in the A.M.," Glenn said, handing over an e-mail print-out. "It makes my whole day, as you can imagine." The letter was an illiterate screed from one Tori Benz, apparently a librarian or researcher of some sort, calling Glenn a liar, a phony, and a hoaxer (which he self-admittedly is, in the manner of H.L. Mencken, Mark Twain, and others). "You're a lucky man to have enemies who look like *that,*" I told him, putting aside the *Tucson Gazette* with its photo of Professor Gary Roberts, Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College, Tifton, Georgia. Glenn let the mastiffs in, and we were introduced. They were very polite animals and did not slobber much, but it was like having two bears trying to rest their heads in your lap while you tried to drink scotch and soda. They seemed like overkill in the case of Dr. Roberts, though.

In the morning there was no sound except the southwest wind coming around the lower end of the Chiricahuas and up the valley toward Rodeo, bending Glenn's young cottonwoods over as it passed. We went for breakfast at a café in Portal, at the mouth of the big canyon opening out from the mountains ten miles south of where George Scarborough received his fatal wound 98 years ago. After breakfast Jane and Glenn went for their mail at the post office, and I drove ten or 15 miles into the mountains by way of the canyon, up to an elevation of 7,000 feet. These were the green but dry-looking, pine-brushy sky islands of the Southwest, almost vertical extrusions of pink granite covered with patches of green lichen. In a high park thinly grown with juniper I stopped and sat under a tree, looking out through the canyon mouth below to the tawny eastern desert and the purple bergs floating just above it on the heat waves. Beautiful country to witness, beautiful country to explore, and while I played no part in its creation, the fact of having written about it made me feel, almost, as if I had a small one. c

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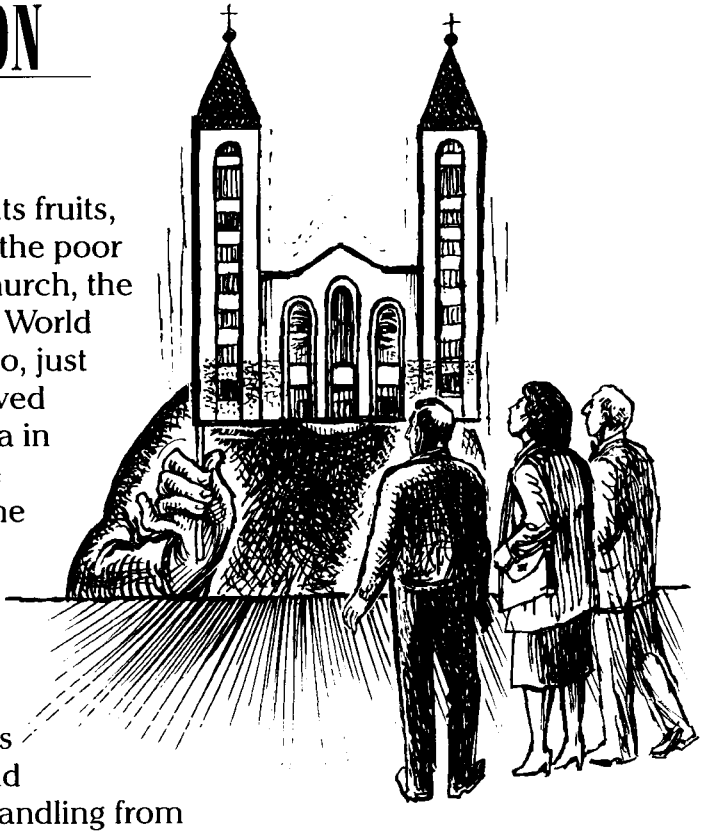
THE MEDJUGORJE DECEPTION



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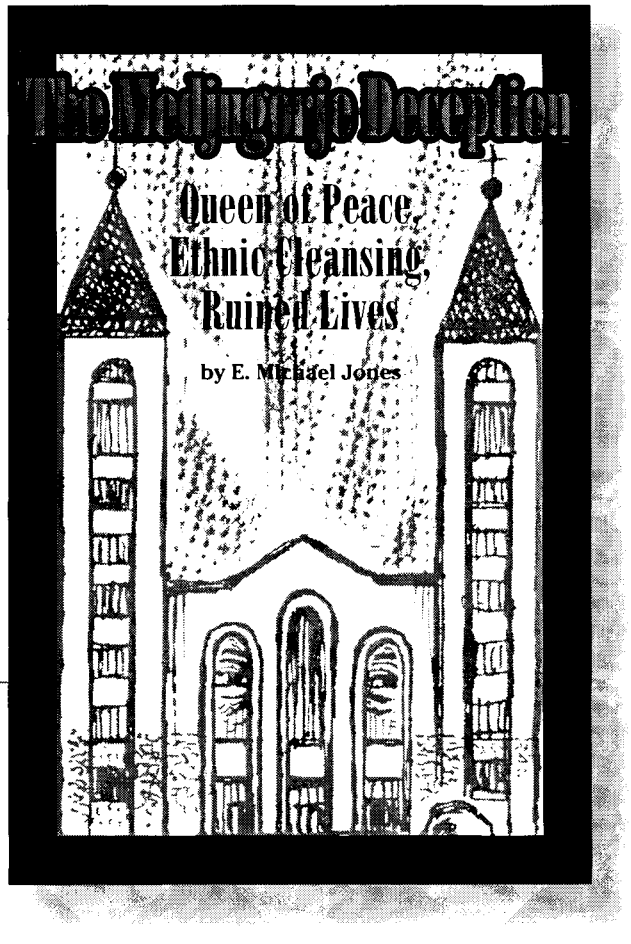

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